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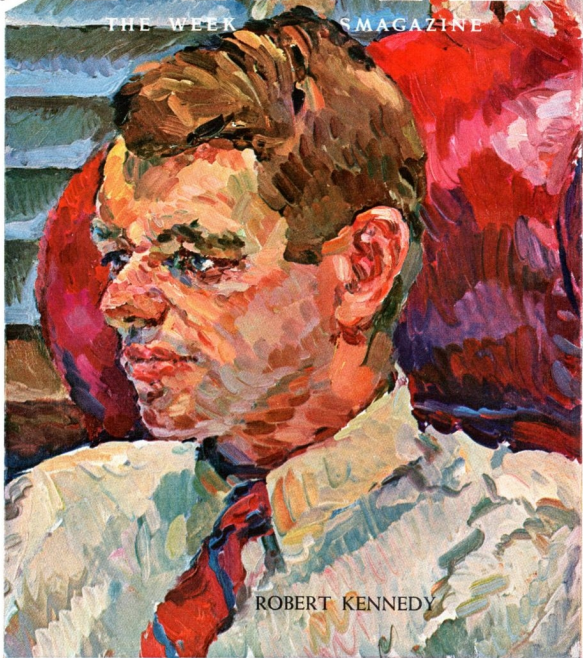
FEBRUARY 16, 1962

THE PRESIDENT'S BROTHER:
A Growing Role in Foreign Policy

TIME

THE WEEK

MAGAZINE



ROBERT KENNEDY

HENRY KLOSER

\$7.00 A YEAR

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VOL. LXXIX NO. 7



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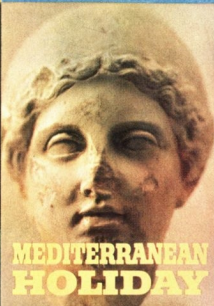
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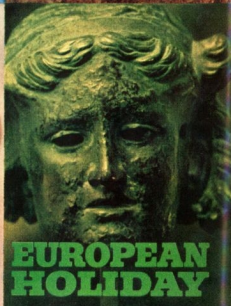
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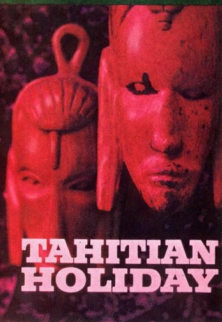
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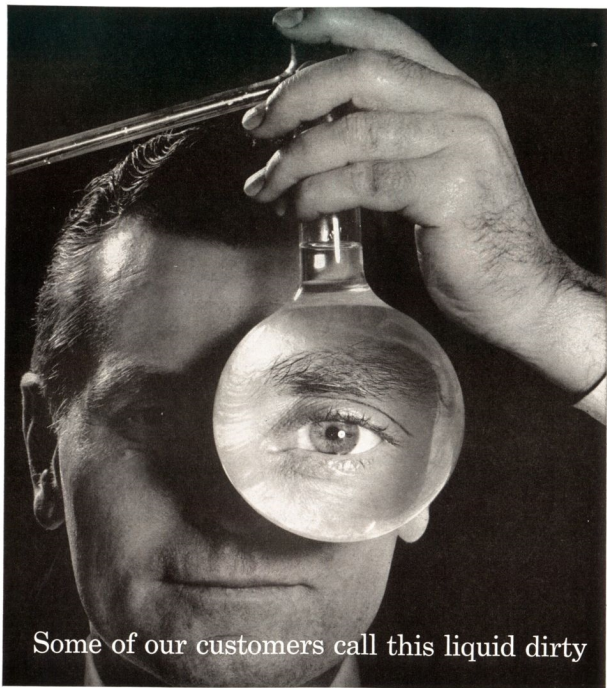
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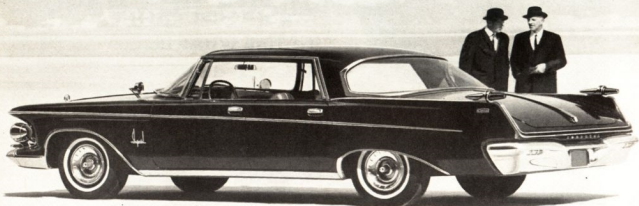
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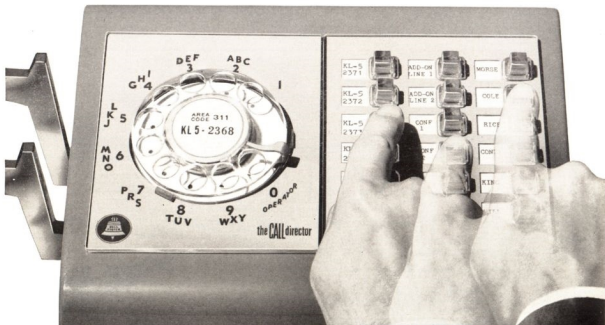
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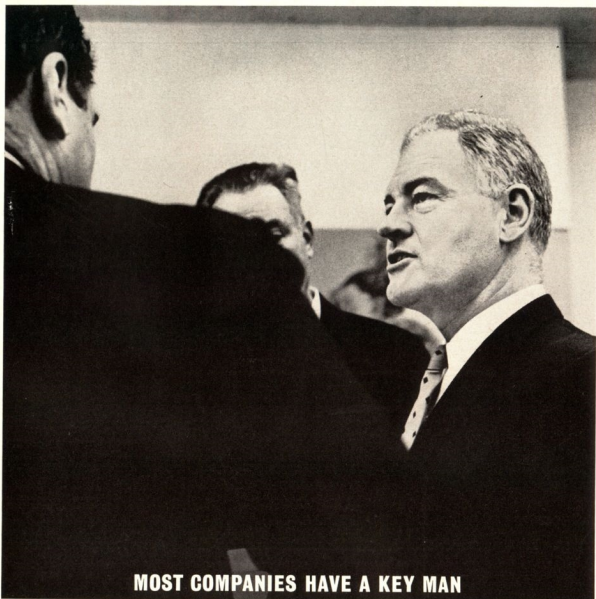
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TIME, FEBRUARY 16, 1962



MOST COMPANIES HAVE A KEY MAN AND HE'S ALWAYS WORTH INSURING

The death or total disability of a key man can be a serious loss to any company. Yours, for example. But it needn't be disastrous—if that key man is covered by Business Insurance from New York Life.

The right plan can provide tax-free funds to take the impact out of his loss. These funds can be used to offset a profit decline . . . pay production bonuses . . . find and pay a replacement.

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penses can be high. More than one company—caught without insurance—has been forced out of business by them. Why take this risk? With the help of your New York Life Agent, you can set up a Business Insurance plan to help keep your company running—*regardless*.

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LETTERS

A Catholic Taste

Sir:

We wish to commend the editors for their effort to present a comprehensive survey of American Catholic education, as exemplified by Notre Dame [Feb. 9]. In addition, we wish to thank you for not including Trinity in the "Best Catholic Colleges." As students of Trinity College, we consider it recognition by omission.

The details chosen by TIME represent a less than adequate picture of Catholic intellectual standards. Your search for the Catholic intellectual has taken you to many of our finest colleges, but your presentation of the goals and aims of these institutions is superficial. Is there nothing more characteristic of a Holy Cross education than compulsory daily Mass? As products of a Catholic college education, we feel we can take our place among the intellectuals of our generation.

CAROL GOEPPERT '62
JANE MCMAUS '62
MARGARET LEAHEY '62
PAULA ROY '62

Trinity College
Washington, D.C.

Sir:

All of us here are feeling the excitement of attending a growing university. Your article has done much to make us realize what has been done, and what must yet be done, if Notre Dame is to take its place as one of the "great" universities of the country.

WILLIAM McDONALD '65

Notre Dame
South Bend, Ind.

Sir:

There you go, pointing out that President Carl Reinert of Creighton University is a brother of President Paul Reinert of St. Louis University. We really do not believe that this is Creighton's only claim to some degree of academic excellence. Just once we would like to see in print that Paul is Carl's brother.

JAMES HALLER
B.S. '58, M.S. '61, M.D. '63
IRENE SACCO HALLER
pure A.B. '57

Omaha

Sir:

At Gettysburg there is the statue of a priest standing on a rock, arm raised in benediction, forever giving absolution to the men of the Irish Brigade as they file in ghostly parade towards the Wheatfield and Devil's Den. This priest was Father William Corby.

Perhaps this Father Corby and "Fair Catch" Corby of Notre Dame are one and the same.

DENNIS S. REIDY JR.

Brunswick, Ohio

► It is the same Father Corby. He resigned from the Notre Dame faculty in 1861 to become chaplain of General Thomas F. Meagher's famed Irish Brigade of New York, served the brigade as it fought heroically at Fair Oaks, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, the Wilderness and Spotsylvania. The Gettysburg statue is a duplicate of the one at Notre Dame, where he returned after the war and served two terms (1866-72 and 1877-81) as president.—Ed.

Sir:

Your otherwise enlightening article lost its value in charging that there is an "American heritage" of Catholic anti-intellectualism. Perhaps the problem is one of semantics, and

your shallow, finite definition of intellectualism. Truth remains such, ad infinitum!

JOAN DAVIS
Manhattanville '55

Bethesda, Md.

Sir:

I have never seen a more factual and objective, honest yet damning, analysis and indictment of Catholic education in America. May the Heshburghs increase and multiply to cover the earth. Thanks to TIME for a real service to the cause of American education.

KENNETH E. HENRIQUES, O.F.M.
Editor, Way

San Francisco

Sir:

Wall-to-wall carpeting, maybe; but "wall-to-wall Irish"?

ANTHONY GUIDA '63
WILLIAM WALDERT '63
GEORGE THEOLOGOS '63

Holy Cross College
Worcester, Mass.

Sir:

Why not tell us more about the excellent cover by Henry Koerner? What does the Madonna and the book mean? What was the artist's reaction while painting this portrait?

MARION A. NUGENT

Wellesley, Mass.

► Artist Koerner painted Father Heshburgh with a Giotto madonna, an atomic equation and a chemical formula to "represent the changeless and the changing—both in Heshburgh's domain." The portrait took a week of intensive sittings, and Koerner felt that "Heshburgh helped me paint it just by being a man of great capacity for compassion and passion." The artist also came away impressed by the subject's sense of discipline: "He would hold the pose for two or three hours without moving a finger."—Ed.

Modern Tower of Babel?

Sir:

Of all the ridiculous Government expenses of this year, I can find none as ridiculous as the appropriation for space spending [Jan. 26]. We might remember what happened to

the Tower of Babel when man's first attempt at conquering space was thwarted. [Genesis 11:4-9: "And they said, Go to, let us build us a city and a tower, whose top may reach unto heaven... So the Lord scattered them abroad from thence upon the face of the earth." I Can't we take God's hint, and leave his domain alone?]

HENRI J. DELGER

Watertown, Mass.

► And the place even looked a bit like the scene at Cape Canaveral. See cut.—Ed.

Mellow Menon

Sir:

You have drawn and quartered India's Krishna Menon in the traditional American way [Feb. 2]. When I asked him to speak at our church last year, he accepted quite spontaneously.

His Excellency asked for no publicity and delivered a reasonable, realistic address on the shrinking world, the limits of the United Nations and the new interests of India in the world. He arrived sitting beside his chauffeur, greeted his audience without rush, spoke with very humble humor and stayed an hour for questions over coffee (which he drank).

Perhaps this quiet crossing of the Brooklyn Bridge is part of this great actor's role on the world stage.

(The Rev.) WILLIAM GLENESK

Spencer Memorial Presbyterian Church
Brooklyn

Sir:

You have not used your usual vitriolic comments against Krishna Menon. On the contrary, I felt your excellent story gave a good background of one of the most controversial leaders of our country. Unexpectedly, you have been very fair to him—more so than most of the critics of his own country.

SHALL GHOSH

Bombay

Sir:

For all your flinging of journalistic teacups of malice toward Menon, he would get my vote as one who adroitly walks a tight-rope of constructive neutralism between East and West.

ROBERT MORRIS SMITH

Portland, Ore.

Sir:

Humble citizens like us endorse every word that TIME has said about Krishna Menon. If he wins in the North Bombay election it will be a defeat for the free world.

GANDOOKA BACHCHA

LAVDAKA BAL

SUVARKA LADKA

BADA CHOOTHIA

Bombay

Müller's Art

Sir:

Thank you very much for the interest you have shown in the paintings of my late husband, Jan Müller [Feb. 2].

There is one correction I would like to point out, however. Although I do own a painting called *Double Circular Path*, the one reproduced is actually titled *Double Path of Decision* and is owned by Mr. and Mrs. William Ash of New York.

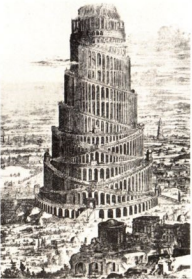
MRS. JAN MÜLLER

New York City

Massless Mass?

Sir:

Dr. Chiu has a problem trying to pin down his elusive neutrinos and I think your science writer has a small semantic problem, too [Feb. 2]. "Trapping a neutrino will be no mean trick. For the little particle is so small



TOWER OF BABEL



THE HANDS OF AN ASTRONAUT are symbols of America's multi-billion dollar exploration of space—a vital part of our defense. It is easier to pay for real essentials when the government cuts out needless spending in other places. For example, there is no need to spend tax dollars to build more government power plants and lines—as some people are now proposing. The investor-owned electric companies can supply all the additional electric power a growing America will need.

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that it has no mass at all; it carries no electric charge and will be detectable only as a swiftly moving speck of energy."

Isn't it confusing to refer to something as "the little particle," and, in the same sentence, to say with equal certainty "that it has no mass at all"? If it is a "little particle," how in the devil can it have no mass? In the second story you say: "Neutrinos created near the center of a star would quickly escape into empty space, carrying their energy with them." If the neutrino has no mass, how can "it" carry anything with "it"?

MEL TENNIS JR.

Bradenton, Fla.

► *The neutrino has no mass of its own (rest mass), but it can carry energy, and energy, by Einstein's famous equation, $E=mc^2$, is equivalent to mass. So neutrinos do react with gravitational fields, rather like the particles of light (photons), which are also massless.—Ed.*

"Yes, Sir," "No, Sir"

Sir:

As a constantly censored engineer in the E.T.O. during World War II, this flap over the muzzled brass delights me (Feb. 2). Below CIC, only three replies were permissible to any reprimand: "Yes, sir," "No, sir" and "No excuse, sir."

WILLIAM C. DAVIE

Rosedale, N.Y.

Sir:

Why is it a question whether our military should be heard by our public? Generals earn their position with years of practical experience and intelligent application. The same requirements are not necessary to make one a politician. Throughout history, many of the most intelligent heads of countries and empires have also been great generals. And some of the worst and most ruthless have been strictly civilians. But, saying that generals and politicians are equally well-meaning and smart, why gag the military who live close to the crucial situations today, and let the politicians far away and under political pressures blab uncontrollably?

E. L. STEPHENS

Palma de Mallorca, Spain

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TIME, FEBRUARY 16, 1962

A letter from the PUBLISHER

Bernhard M. Auer

JOURNALISM these days is a changing craft. Television, with its on-the-spot and vivid coverage of the biggest news events, has not only eliminated newspaper extras but has made superfluous much old-fashioned "color" writing. (It has affected us too: a reader will find far fewer descriptions in TIME than in the past of heads of state stepping down from planes or getting into their limousines.) But an even greater change has been the public's increasing interest in what were once regarded as distant or complex subjects, and here a weekly magazine has an advantage over a daily newspaper with its hasty deadlines or a television camera that can only see what is in front of it. On such spot news events as the release of U-2 Pilot Powers, we try to add details beyond the twice-told, twice-seen.

The little-told story of our journalistic contemporaries has always been a TIME specialty, for we long ago sought to break that cozy convention of publishers that none discusses the other. This week we report on Harrison Salisbury's series on Russia revisited in the New York Times. Salisbury is an able and provocative observer, but not all Kremlinologists share his optimistic view of the struggle in Russia—and both they and he are heard from (see THE WORLD). And in the Press section, we note the first appearance of an ambitious new Sunday paper, the National Observer, and in the columns of the right-wing National Review we find one of the most effective indictments yet of the Birch Society.

Another TIME specialty is the spotting of trends which to each locality or group may seem peculiarly its own but are actually part of a national phenomenon. Correspondents across the country report this week on the increasing popularity, not only among Mormons and Seventh-day Adventists, but among Catholics, Episcopalians, Presbyterians and Methodists, of the ancient practice of tithing (giving 10% of income to churches).

The news that everyone can see coming we try to treat in fresh ways. Weeks before the first transatlantic crossing of the French Line's new S.S. France, we got aboard the ship to photograph its interiors in color, and combine this with views of two other new liners that dare to challenge the age of jets. From aboard the France, Researcher Marcia Gauger reported: "If anyone thinks the maiden voyage on the France is all champagne and caviar—well, it is."

And finally, in this day of studio flacks and Hollywood gossipists, it is hard to find something new and true to say about overpublicized people, but the saga of the three Fondas, Henry, Daughter Jane and Son Peter, makes a human report of mutual admiration and mutual rivalry in SHOW BUSINESS.

As for that young man on the cover, it is his second time alone on TIME's cover. He was there before as Brother Jack's campaign manager. The newsmaking Kennedy family have, one and all, appeared 13 times out front.

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THE NATION

COLD WAR

Abel for Powers

It was a cold, cloudy morning in Berlin. Just before 8 o'clock, five blue-grey German-made sedans pulled up at the western end of Glienicke Bridge, the steel-trussed bridge that spans the sleepy Havel River between the U.S. zone and Communist territory. A group of 20 American military men and civilians got out and waited. Five minutes later, other cars approached the bridge from the Communist side. Their occupants emerged and stood talking. Finally, two men detached themselves from the opposing groups and walked across the white stripe, in the center of the bridge, that marks the boundary between West and East. Thus, last week, was effected the exchange of a pair of convicted cold war spies: American Francis Gary Powers, 32, the U-2 pilot who crashed in Russia in 1960 and was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment, and Russia's Colonel Rudolf Abel, 59, who had served almost five years of a 30-year sentence for his espionage activities in New York.

The Powers case was a milestone in the cold war, Nikita Khrushchev seized upon the downing of the U-2 pilot to torpedo a

Paris summit meeting and launch a series of crises that continued beyond the Administration of Dwight Eisenhower through the first year of John Kennedy's New Frontier. Only in recent weeks had there seemed to be signs of thaw—and the Powers-Abel exchange was certainly the most dramatic evidence to date of that thaw. There was a further meaning to the exchange. Although the U.S. under Eisenhower had admitted the purpose of Powers' flight over the Soviet Union, Russia had never so much as admitted that Abel existed. The trade of the two men last week was at least a tacit Soviet admission that Abel, like Powers, was a spy. In the exchange, the Communists also released Frederic L. Pryor, a 28-year-old American who was taking a graduate course in economics in West Berlin when he blundered into East Berlin last summer. He was arrested and had been held without charges ever since.

Negative Answer. The negotiations that led to the Powers-Abel transfer began months ago—and the key figure was New York Lawyer James B. Donovan, a man with considerable experience in espionage cases. Donovan, 45, served in World War II as a Navy commander, became legal aide to Major General William ("Wild Bill") Donovan (no kin) in the Office of Strategic Services. After the war, he worked as a top assistant to Supreme Court Justice Robert Jackson in prosecuting Nazi war criminals at Nuremberg. When Soviet Spymaster Abel was caught, Donovan was his court-appointed attorney. In arguing against the death penalty for Abel, Donovan made a prophetic plea: "It is possible that in the

foreseeable future, an American of equivalent rank will be captured by the Soviet Union or an ally. At such time, an exchange of prisoners could be considered to be in the best interest of the United States."

More than a year ago, Donovan got a letter from East Berlin, signed by someone purporting to be Abel's wife. It inquired about the chances for pardon or commutation of Abel's sentence. Donovan promptly took it to the Justice Department. The official answer was negative: there was no legal reason for letting Abel off early. But unofficially, Donovan was encouraged to look into the prospects of an Abel-Powers exchange. He continued his correspondence with East Berlin. By last month, matters had progressed to the point where Donovan, with the full knowledge and approval of the Kennedy Administration, traveled to East Berlin to negotiate with parties still unidentified.

Desire for Improvement. Donovan's mission was successful. He sent word to Washington that the Communists were agreeable to an exchange of spies. Last week, under a commutation order signed by President Kennedy and Attorney General Robert Kennedy, Russia's Abel was secretly taken from the Federal Peniten-



POWERS

TASS



THE BRIDGE

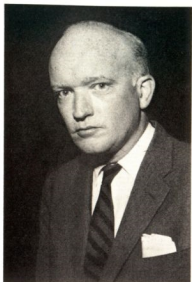
The thaw opened passage between West and East.

AP



ABEL

S. Y. SIKORIN



ATTORNEY DONOVAN
Unofficially, he was encouraged.

tiary in Atlanta in preparation for his flight to Berlin.

Within five minutes of the exchange last weekend, word was flashed to the White House, where President Kennedy had slipped away from a dinner-dance to await the news. When it came, at 2:52 a.m. (E.S.T.), Press Secretary Pierre Salinger had White House correspondents phoned at their homes, routed from bed and summoned to the White House. In Moscow, the announcement of Powers' release was made later—and was explained as being motivated by the Kremlin's desire "for an improvement in relations between the U.S.S.R. and the U.S.A." There was not a word about Spy Abel, who is still an unperson in the U.S.S.R.

THE ATOM

Decision to Test

Despite the signs of thaw, one of the coldest of cold war decisions could not be held off much longer. Last week, discussing the possibility of a nuclear test agreement with the Soviet Union, President Kennedy left the door open—but just barely. He urged that the two great cold war adversaries make a final try for a test-ban treaty at an 18-nation disarmament conference in Geneva next month; he insisted at his press conference that the U.S. would not only demand monitors to detect Russian tests, but would require an inspection system against any Soviet test preparations. At the same time, he promised to announce within a month his decision about whether the U.S. will resume atmospheric testing. The all-but-certain answer: yes, probably in April.

Powerfully Clear. Behind that decision lay months of hesitation and debate in the highest councils of U.S. Government. In the last analysis, the decision had to be guided by the chilling scientific estimate of Soviet atomic advances in the

U.S.S.R.'s series of some 50 tests that began last September. From a report submitted by a panel headed by Cornell Physicist Hans Bethe, it was clear that the Soviet Union was catching up in many of the deadly arts of the atom, and had passed the U.S. in some phases.

The biggest Soviet blast produced nearly 60 megatons—and it could easily have gone well over 100 megatons if the Russians had not muffled the explosion by encasing the bomb in lead instead of raw uranium. More important, they made vast improvements in the vital weight-yield ratios of their nuclear weapons. The tests opened the way for the Russians to develop nuclear warheads for their missiles that will be much more powerful than the warhead on the Titan II, the biggest U.S. missile, which has a punch of less than 10 megatons. The Russians also developed fission triggers for their H-bombs superior to American models, and worked on an anti-missile rocket.

Christmas Island. It was in the light of those somber findings that President Kennedy moved toward his decision that the U.S. should resume its tests in the atmosphere. He was in no rush to announce his decision until the complex test facilities were fully prepared, for that would only lengthen the U.S. exposure to vitriolic attack from ban-the-bomb opinion around the world.

While a faint chance remained that some turn in the diplomatic situation would justify postponement, the test planning went forward. One sticky problem was to find a location that was politically and physically safe for a new series of blasts: Eniwetok and Bikini, the Pacific sites of former tests, are too small and too close to inhabited islands. Last week the British solved the problem by giving the U.S. permission to fire off a nuclear series on Christmas Island, a sand-covered coral atoll isolated in the central Pacific.

THE ADMINISTRATION

More Than a Brother

(See Cover)

At 8:15 one morning last week, a minor earthquake rattled Tokyo windowpanes. But the event caused hardly a tremor among the 10,000,000 inhabitants of the world's most populous city. They had already been shaken to near numbness by the presence of U.S. Attorney General Robert Francis Kennedy, 36, brother and most trusted adviser of President John Kennedy, an emerging force in U.S. foreign affairs—and an earthquake in his own right.

Bobby Kennedy, accompanied by his wife Ethel, was on the first leg of a four-week world tour that would take him to eleven other countries. And during his five-day stay in Japan, he displayed all the qualities that have made him, beyond the big fact of being John Kennedy's brother, a major power in U.S. Government. His youthful energies were explosive; his capacity for listening, looking, learning was enormous; his charm (when he felt like turning it on) was electric.

Such a Promotion. From sunup to midnight, from Prime Minister's residence to backstreet sake house, Bob Kennedy shook hands, sang songs, asked questions, argued issues, made speeches—and explained the aims of the U.S. under his brother's Administration. The Japanese, accustomed to patriarchs in public life, marveled at his youth. Said a Japanese Supreme Court justice after meeting Bobby: "He must have worked and studied hard to achieve such a pace in promotion." At the Diet, Lower House Speaker Ichiro Kiyose, 77, and Upper House President Tsuruhiko Matsuno, 78, watched Kennedy and sighed wistfully. "The days are here," said Matsuno, "for the younger generation to take over." Bobby gracefully deferred to age: "We gain by



ATTORNEY GENERAL KENNEDY WITH WASEDA UNIVERSITY STUDENTS
Looking, listening and learning to overcome lack of experience.

referring to the wisdom of experience."

But Bob Kennedy also showed the rough side of his tongue. Taking tea with 70 members of the Japanese Bar Association, Kennedy paid tribute to Japan's postwar recovery, called it a triumph of the democratic system of government. One of the lawyers thanked him for such "flattery." Snapped Bobby: "This is a helluva long way to come just to flatter somebody. I can do that back home." When a delegation of Socialist legislators spoke some stereotyped criticisms of the U.S., Bobby demanded to know why they never seemed to say anything against the Soviet Union or Red China. "Just how many times," he asked, "have you criticized them in public statements? Give me just three cases." The five Socialists huddled. Finally one said lamely: "Well, once, About Soviet testing."

Wherever he went in Japan, Bob Kennedy made it plain that he spoke for the President of the U.S. Arriving at Tokyo's Haneda airport, Kennedy tried out two sentences in Japanese. The first was: "Ladies and gentlemen, we are very happy to visit your country." The second—and it sounded a theme that Kennedy was to repeat over and over again—was: "My brother, who is the President, wishes me to convey to you all his very best regards." Next day, calling upon Minister of Justice Koshiro Ueki, Kennedy commented on the "fair" way in which Japanese judges are appointed.⁹ Said he: "This is quite different in the United States. I have made recommendations for more

⁹ Unlike the U.S. federal judiciary, Japanese judges do not receive lifetime appointments, but are subject to periodic review. Lower-court judges, appointed by the Cabinet, must be reappointed every ten years. But justices of the Supreme Court, each ten years, appear unopposed on the general election ballot and must receive a majority of the national vote to remain on the bench.



WITH LEFTIST TACHIBANA
Also arguing and explaining.

than 100 candidates for federal judgeships. A man asked for a judgeship for his brother. I declined. I received the inevitable telephone call. He said: 'After all, your brother appointed you Attorney General.' I answered: 'We only serve the will of the President.'

It was to serve the will of the President that Bob Kennedy became Attorney General. From the moment of his election to office, Jack Kennedy knew that he wanted his younger brother in his Administration—not merely as a White House adviser, but as a top official of Government who could get things done. The Attorney General's job was the obvious one for Lawyer Bobby, who had already served for six years as a Senate committee investigator. Bob Kennedy was reluctant to take the post; he argued forcibly that his appointment would leave the President open to devastating charges of nepotism. He accepted the job only after John Kennedy strongly urged him to do so.

Of all President Kennedy's Cabinet appointments, Bobby's was by far the worst received. Many lawyers were shocked. Democrats groaned at the "kid brother" liability, and Republicans turned it into a political battle cry. Today it is a measure of Bobby Kennedy's energy, guts, brains and increasingly mature judgment that the bar generally rates him a good Attorney General, and politicians of both parties rank him among the strongest and ablest members of the Kennedy Cabinet. Barely a year in office, the kid brother is one of the President's solidest assets.

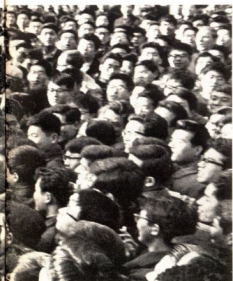
Republicans still take occasional jabs at him, especially when he ventures beyond the confines of the Attorney General's office. Said New York's G.O.P. Representative John Lindsay last week in a solicitous letter to State Secretary Dean Rusk: "We question whether it is necessary for you and your office to be either burdened or embarrassed by free-wheeling foreign

missions on the part of highly placed amateurs." But in an interview on national television, Republican Richard Nixon gave Bobby a surprising plug. Said he: "In looking at Robert Kennedy, you have here a man who, except for the lack of experience, which he is now gaining, has many of the qualifications that would make him a very effective leader in the field of foreign policy. He's tough-minded, he's quick, he's intelligent. He is one who has a tremendous will to win."

No Pretending. The will to win carried right over from the 1960 campaign against Richard Nixon to the mastering of the Attorney General's job. Says a Justice Department career man: "When you have a large bureaucracy like this, it's hard to instill a sense of urgency and interest in the people down the line. But Kennedy has been able to do it." A graduate ('51) of the University of Virginia Law School, Bob had served as counsel for the Democratic minority on the McCarthy Committee, and later as chief counsel for the McClellan Committee investigating labor racketeering (Bob still turns livid when reminded that he has yet to nail Teamsters' President Jimmy Hoffa). As Attorney General, Bobby Kennedy does not lay claim to legal wizardry. "He doesn't pretend to knowledge he doesn't have," says one of his deputies. "And you'd better not either."

At the very beginning, Attorney General Kennedy gathered about him a talented team. The key men:

• **BYRON R. WHITE, 44,** Deputy Attorney General. An All-America halfback at Colorado and later a Rhodes scholar at Oxford, "Whizzer" White met John Kennedy years ago at a U.S. embassy reception in London given by Ambassador Joseph Kennedy. White and Jack later served in the same Pacific PT flotilla; during the presidential campaign, White left his Denver law firm to head the



JUN. 1961



DISCUSSING THE CIA WITH BURKE, TAYLOR & DULLES
Between brothers, a mysterious osmosis.

WALTER DENNETT

Citizens for Kennedy. White is in charge of the day-by-day administration of the Justice Department. Last spring he handled the on-scene direction of 600 U.S. marshals during the Alabama riots precipitated by Freedom Riders on interstate buses.

• **ARCHIBALD COX**, 49, Solicitor General. A great-grandson of Andrew Johnson's Attorney General, Archie Cox learned Government law in the Justice, State and Labor Departments and the Wage Stabilization Board. He returned to Harvard as Royall professor of law, was Senator John Kennedy's adviser on labor legislation. During the 1960 campaign, with Fellow Professors Arthur Schlesinger Jr. and J. Kenneth Galbraith, Cox was a member of the Harvard brain trust that fed Candidate Kennedy facts, figures—and politically appealing ideas.

• **LEE LOEVINGER**, 48, Assistant Attorney General in charge of the Antitrust Division. A Phi Beta Kappa like Whizzer White, Loevinger was a Minnesota law partner of Agriculture Secretary Orville Freeman. He specialized in antitrust work until Freeman, as Minnesota's Governor, appointed him a state supreme court justice. Blunt and aggressive, Loevinger argues that the Kennedy Administration's policies promote competition and protect free enterprise rather than stifle business. Moving into areas where previous antitrust chiefs have rarely trod, Loevinger has ordered five suits against bank mergers, is now seeking an across-the-board price-fixing injunction against General Electric.

• **BURKE MARSHALL**, 39, Assistant Attorney General in charge of the Civil Rights Division. Slight, seemingly shy but hard as nails, Yaleman Marshall left a lucrative Washington law practice to direct Bobby Kennedy's civil rights assault. With enlarged legal and research staffs, he keeps in touch with Negro groups and segrega-

tion leaders, attempts to solve issues primarily by persuasion rather than by coercion. When persuasion fails, he moves. To enforce Negro voting rights, the department has 50 far filed suits in 15 southern counties, has active investigations or negotiations under way in 61 other counties. "If we do our job right," says Marshall, "there should be no need for a civil rights division in a very few years."

For all the skills of his subordinates, there is no question that Bob Kennedy is the man in charge. Shirtsleeves rolled up to the elbow, tie askew and feet planted firmly atop his mahogany desk, Kennedy runs the Department of Justice from a gymnasium-sized office decorated with watercolors by his children. He has

personally taken charge of one of the New Frontier's most ticklish tasks: recommending the appointments of 125 new federal judges (some to fill vacancies, 73 to fill the requirements of an authorization passed last year by Congress for an expanded judiciary). So far, the President has sent 80 names to Congress for confirmation. Of those nominations, 13 have been rated by the American Bar Association as exceptionally well qualified, 41 as well qualified, 22 as qualified, 6 as inadequate (the A.B.A. has not rated the rest).

Like a Bop. Within the Justice Department building, Bobby Kennedy has made it his business to wander the corridors, pop into offices, chat with the help. Last spring, deeply concerned about the causes and cures of juvenile delinquency, he went to New York and, without the usual coterie of newsmen, wandered on foot into the tenement districts of East Harlem. There, his coat draped over his shoulder, he sat on a street curb and discussed with members of a gang called the Viceroy's their thinking, their problems, their interests. "He looked like a bop himself," said one of the Viceroy's later. Said another: "He's sort of an in-between guy. You know. Not hip. But not square."

Asked in Tokyo last week if her husband ever had time for family relaxation, Ethel Kennedy replied: "Oh yes. And when he comes in, it's quite lively. All the children jump on his back."

On the ten-acre estate at McLean, Va. (ten miles from Washington), the place is alive with barks, meows, neighs and other animal noises. Collectively, the four Kennedy boys and three girls own three dogs (an Irish setter, a Newfoundland, a Labrador retriever), two goats, a cat, 40 rabbits, three geese, a burro, a horse and four ponies. Near the house are a tennis court, two swimming pools and, of course, a touch-football field.



TERENCE SPENCER

VISITING THE IVORY COAST REPUBLIC
But at times, a hot breath on the neck.

Wherever he is, Bob Kennedy is always at the beck of his brother. The relationship between Jack and Bobby is close but not constant. In the course of the ordinary week, they see each other no more than once or twice, talk on the telephone every other day or so. Such conversations are generally brief; by instinct, each of the brothers seems to know what the other is thinking, and long explanations are unnecessary. "It's by osmosis," says Jack Kennedy. "We're both cryptic."

But when the going gets rough, it is Bobby that the President calls for. When the Berlin Wall was raised one Sunday morning last summer, President Kennedy cut short a cruise aboard the presidential yacht and raced back to shore. He quickly digested dispatches, then gave his first order: "Get Rusk on the phone. Go get my brother." When it became apparent that the U.S.-backed invasion of Cuba was failing, President Kennedy's word was: "Get General Lemnitzer. Get the Attorney General."

"You Were For It." In the days that followed the Cuban fiasco, it was Bobby Kennedy who played the major role in trying to pick up the pieces. The President assigned the Attorney General to help investigate the role that the Central Intelligence Agency had played in the Cuba planning. To work with him, the President picked CIA Director Allen Dulles, Admiral Arleigh Burke and retired Army General Maxwell Taylor. Later, on grounds that the President should have his own close, trusted military adviser, Bobby pushed successfully for the appointment of Taylor to the White House staff. Among his other chores in the aftermath of Cuba, Bobby ticked off Under Secretary of State Chester Bowles, who had been telling newsmen that he had opposed the Bay of Pigs assault all along. Said Bobby to Bowles: "I understand that you advised against this operation. Well, as of now, you were for it." (If Bobby had had his way, Bowles would have been fired out of hand at the time.)

A month after Cuba, Bobby again played a major role in confronting Caribbean crisis. When the Dominican Republic's Dictator Trujillo was assassinated and anarchy threatened to sweep the island, President Kennedy was away on a state visit to France. Bobby moved into a command post on the seventh floor of the State Department to oversee the implementation of a plan for U.S. support of anti-Trujillo, anti-Communist Dominicans. He okayed a move to station U.S. Navy ships near the island in a show of force. Recalling that period, President Kennedy today acts as if it had been the most natural thing in the world for Bobby to take over. "Oh yes," he says. "That's because I was out of the country."

At his brother's request, Bobby Kennedy sits in on almost all meetings of the National Security Council. He refuses to sit at the table; he takes a chair close to the wall of the Cabinet room, behind and to the left of the President. He rarely speaks up at NSC meetings—but when he

"JUST CALL ME ETHEL"

EVEN among the go-go-go Kennedys, Ethel Skakel Kennedy is real gone. At 32, she has seven boisterous children, is a tough touch-football player, a skilled skier, water-skier, swimmer, horsewoman, golfer and tennis player. She is also an enthusiastic twister who would dance the whole night through—if there were anyone else left around. Last week, taking her abundant energies onto the global road with Husband Bobby, Ethel set a stiff pace. And by week's end it seemed that she had at least half of Tokyo following her advice to everyone she met: "Just call me Ethel."

At 8:15 on her first morning in Tokyo, Ethel, wearing a red suit with black trim and matching hairbows, set off without Bobby from the U.S. embassy for a day of adventure on her own. Her first stop was the University of the Sacred Heart, whose superior, Mother Anne Stoepel, had been a teacher at Manhattanville College of the Sacred Heart in Purchase, N.Y., when Ethel and her Kennedy sisters-in-law, Eunice Shriver and Jean Smith, were schoolgirls there. (Mother Stoepel was transferred to Japan by her religious order in 1959.) To the grey-uniformed girls of the upper school, Ethel delivered a little speech that was warmly applauded even though its train of thought was a bit hard to follow. Said she: "I always thought that the United States was more liberal than this country, but it's not true. At Manhattanville, in my day, we were very virtuous. I understand now that you are allowed to get married." Visiting the lower school, she noted that "over three generations of Kennedys have attended convents of the Sacred Heart all over the world. Over 30 members." A little later, looking up from her written text, she entered a laughing aside: "Gosh, this sounds like a terrible graduation address." Dropping by a class on flower arrangement, she was enthusiastic: "They ought to teach flower arrangement back home. It's terrific." And in a calligraphy class, she wrote three Japanese characters on the blackboard meaning "Japanese and American friendship." (Ethel had worked hard at learning a few phrases and characters on the plane to Japan; she generally mangled the language, but the Japanese seemed delighted with her efforts.)

After an hour at the convent, Ethel's eleven-car motorcade headed off for a visit to a hospital for crippled children, then back to the embassy, where Ethel changed into a green suit (with matching hairbows) before lunch at Tokyo's Zen Buddhist Temple



MRS. ROBERT KENNEDY

of the Green Pines. There, Japanese Politician Yasuhiro Nakasone had arranged for a three-hour, 13-course, all-vegetable meal. Kneeling in the approved fashion on a grass mat before a low table, Ethel accepted a set of Munakata prints and a pair of bamboo stilts—one of seven pairs that will be sent to her children back home. "Oh," cried Ethel. "I can see a summer of broken legs and broken arms."

Ethel was certainly the life of the luncheon. "Did I read," she asked, "that your cats have no tails?" Nobody could help her much on that one. Later, out of a clear sky, she asked: "Do the Japanese use snuff?" This produced a long, confused consultation among the Japanese. Finally Nakasone replied: "Well, we don't use snuff. We use incense. It's more civilized." Wearing of her kneeling posture, she turned to a Japanese woman: "Are your legs getting tired?" The reply: "No, are yours?" Said Ethel grimly: "I can do it as long as you can." She did, too.

Returning to the embassy, Ethel rested briefly, then appeared in a light yellow princess-style dress (with matching hairbows) at a hen party with 250 embassy women, including secretaries and wives of staffers. To the ladies, Ethel conveyed greetings from her sister-in-law Jacqueline, continued, "I'm so happy to see that you're all living out the President's inauguration speech and deepening American-Japanese relations. You've really gotten your lights out from under the barrel."

After that, there were only a few more functions: a visit to the home of Japanese Businessman Yoshishiko Matsukata, an uncle of U.S. Ambassador Reichbauer's Japanese wife Haru; an embassy reception attended by Prime Minister Ikeda and hundreds of other Japanese dignitaries (Ethel wore a white lace dress—with matching hairbows); a dinner given by Japanese Foreign Minister Zentaro Kosaka; and an appearance on the Japanese television program *What's My Secret?*.



THE KENNEDY FAMILY AT HOME IN McLEAN
"When he comes in, it's quite lively."

ARTHUR RICKERBY—LIFE

does, he is heard. After Cuba, Chester Bowles, who was sitting in for Absent State Secretary Rusk, delivered a position report on Cuba that was long on platitudes, short on concrete proposals. From his seat behind the President, Bobby protested. "This is worthless. What can we do about Cuba? This doesn't tell us." For ten minutes the Attorney General tore the Bowles report to bits. When he was through, there was an awkward silence, broken only when the President changed the subject. Before the session's end, President Kennedy had assigned a task force under Assistant Defense Secretary Paul Nitze to draw up new proposals for U.S. policy toward Cuba.

The President does not always follow his brother's advice. Last August, Bobby and Ethel Kennedy spent three days in Africa during the independence anniversary celebration of the Ivory Coast. The trip was an opportunity to meet African leaders. Bobby became convinced that Ghana's left-leaning President Kwame Nkrumah was implacably hostile to the U.S., and on his return he argued privately with the President against a proposed \$133 million loan to Ghana for construction of a Volta River power project. When the issue came up at an NSC meeting, the President went around the table seeking opinions; he got mostly favorable replies. "The Attorney General," he then said, "has not spoken. But I can feel the hot breath of his disapproval on the back of my neck." Despite Bobby's objection, the loan was approved.

"I'm Already Married." Last week, on his first morning in Tokyo, Bobby Kennedy rose early at his U.S. embassy quarters, gave three separate newspaper interviews, left the building at 8:15 a.m. for a round of official calls. He stopped at the home of Prime Minister Hayato Ikeda, discussed Berlin, Laos, Japanese-Korean relations. From Ikeda's residence, Ken-

edy moved on to the Foreign Office, the Ministry of Justice, the Diet, a couple of television studios, an embassy reception, a Bar Association tea and the Japanese Supreme Court.

That night, after a dinner given by Foreign Minister Kosaka, Kennedy went with a group of Japanese labor leaders to a sake shop off the Ginza, Tokyo's Gay White Way. "How do you like Japanese women?" asked one of the shop's customers. Said Kennedy: "They're pretty. But I can't comment any more. I'm already married to an American woman." Kennedy, whose favorite beverage is a glass of milk chilled precisely 15 minutes in a freezer, was pressed to taste sake. Asked he: "Is it good for the health?" Replied the bartender: "It's the best medicine." Soon, the Japanese began serenading their guest with a folk song called *The Coal Miners' Song* ("Over the coal mines the moon has risen! But since the mine chimneys are so tall, certainly the moon must find it smoky"). Bobby responded with *When Irish Eyes Are Smiling*.

Next day, Kennedy began his rounds at 7:35 a.m., spent the morning talking with politicians and business executives, had lunch with a dozen Tokyo college students. That afternoon the Attorney General visited Nihon University, accepted an honorary doctor of laws degree, then drove across town to Waseda University—where he ran into riot. Trying to make their way into the university's memorial hall to deliver a speech, Bobby and Ethel Kennedy were mobbed by enthusiastically friendly students. But awaiting Kennedy inside the hall were members of Zengakuren, the ultra-leftist Japanese students' organization. They booed and catcalled, drowned out his remarks. Finally, Kennedy pointed to the noisiest of them all. "You, sir," said Kennedy, "have you something to tell against us? Come up to the platform."

The student, 21-year-old Yuzo Tachiya, leaped onto the stage and, while Kennedy held a microphone for him, launched into a long harangue against the U.S. When Kennedy pulled the microphone back to answer, a power failure knocked out the public-address system and half the stage lights. Icily calm, Kennedy borrowed a portable police megaphone and tried to speak. Standing beside him, Tachiya kept up his screaming diatribe. The audience began to yell too. With the meeting out of control, a student cheerleader climbed to the platform, closed the session with a call for the Waseda school song ("Towering edifice/ In woods of Waseda"). In a final indignity, one cheerleader accidentally struck Ethel Kennedy in the stomach with his arm. Mrs. Kennedy reeled back, straightened again, managed a weak smile.

At midweek the Kennedys climbed aboard a chartered plane and flew 225 miles to Osaka, "the Chicago of Japan." They visited a technical high school, discovered that television appearances in Tokyo had made them national celebrities. In the schoolyard hundreds of students rushed up, thrust out their arms, yelled "Kennedy-san, shake hands." Bobby shook. At the nearby Matsushita Electric Industrial Co., the Attorney General sat down at a workers' table, chatted about Communism while munching manfully on a whale steak.

From Osaka, the party drove to an ancient Buddhist temple at Nara, where priests offered Kennedy incense sticks, indicated a nearby bronze kettle where the sticks are traditionally burned by visitors. Kennedy motioned to accompanying Ambassador Edwin O. Reischauer. "What are the implications if I do this?" Replied



JOHN BONIN—LIFE

SKATING IN TOKYO
"Do you like Japanese women?"

the ambassador: "It just shows respect. Go ahead." "You're sure it won't look as if I'm worshipping Buddha?" asked Roman Catholic Kennedy. Whispered Reichsauer: "No. It's O.K." Kennedy picked up an incense stick still muttering: "If I get kicked out . . ."

Back in Tokyo, Bobby Kennedy rounded out his week with a luncheon appearance at the foreign correspondents' club. "I had seaweed for breakfast yesterday," he told the audience. "To tell you the honest-to-goodness truth, it didn't taste bad. When I went to Central Asia with Justice Douglas in 1955, they brought in a goat, very dead, plucked out its eyes and served them to us. Justice Douglas turned to me and said, 'For the sake of America, Bob, make like it's an oyster.' So things have gone up since then." But it was on a sober note that he closed his speech. "My greatest impression of Japan is the great thirst for knowledge of the people. I'm amazed at how interested they are and how much they know about the United States and what is going on."

Right Where He Is. Leaving Tokyo at week's end, the Kennedys had only begun their journey. Ahead lay Formosa, then Hong Kong. The Attorney General would spend six days in Indonesia, where rioting students last week broke the windows of the U.S. embassy. Beyond that was Thailand, whose government is nervous about Communist inroads in nearby Laos and Viet Nam, expects to hear reassuring words from the President's brother. After that would come visits to Rome, Berlin, Bonn, The Hague and Paris—and finally the return to Washington.

What then? Because of his increasing activities in foreign affairs, Washington is alive with rumors that Bobby is tiring of the Department of Justice, might want to move over to State. But President Kennedy, even while encouraging Bobby's global interests, is blunt about saying that he has no intention of moving his brother out of Justice; he likes Bobby right where he is, and hopes to keep him there for the next seven years.

Beyond that, there is the possibility—once just a joke about the numerosness of the Kennedys, now sometimes talked about seriously—that Bobby might try to succeed Jack in the White House. Any mention of this notion angers Bob Kennedy. "This idea is so obviously untrue," he says, "that it's foolish, even as rumor." Voters might agree. Bobby lacks his brother's easy grace; he is earthier, bristling in his loyalties (the U.S., Jack, and his church; other Kennedys; other Democrats), implacable in his enmities. Jack has been called the first Irish Brahmin; Bobby is the Irish Puritan, not an ascetic but a man of burning zeal. If he does not want to become President, it is safe to say that he wants his brother to become a great President, assisted by a great Attorney General. Meanwhile, as President John Kennedy of the U.S. had long known, as the U.S. has come to realize, as the peoples of the nations he visited were discovering, Bobby Kennedy is a power in his own right.

INVESTIGATIONS

"We Are Professional Men"

Smiling politely, Defense Secretary Robert S. McNamara reminded Mississippi's Senator John Stennis to swear him in as a witness before the subcommittee investigating military "muzzling." McNamara wanted everything on the record for the showdown he knew was coming. Then McNamara respectfully declined to name the particular censors who had deleted particular passages from particular speeches by military leaders. To justify his position, McNamara read a letter from President Kennedy asserting that such information would be "contrary to the public interest" and invoking the right, long



MARINES SHOUP & KLUTYMAN
"Saddle up and go."

upheld by the courts, of "executive privilege" to withhold it.

Fool's Errand. By his stand, McNamara (who had given the subcommittee the names and backgrounds of all 14 Pentagon censors, and had offered to explain himself why specific deletions had been made in military speeches) brought to a standstill the hearings that had been instigated by South Carolina's Senator Strom Thurmond. But there was still plenty of peripheral excitement—for a couple of subcommittee staffers had ventured forth on the most monumental fool's errand since Cohn and Schine made history as the "junketeering gumshoes."

Without informing either Subcommittee Chairman Stennis or Subcommittee Counsel James Kendall, Investigators Charles A. Byrne and Ben Kaplan went to a U.S. Marine Corps post just outside Washington. There, with the full cooperation of the Corps, the pair asked for 32 marines, shut them up in a classroom, and ordered them to answer a series of written questions. The purported quest of the quiz: to see how well the marines had been instructed about the dangers of

Communism. Sample questions: "What is the 'Attorney General's list?'" "Name three organizations listed as subversive."

"Identify or describe the following: Karl Marx, Gus Hall, *The Worker*, Flor Kozlov, Mao Tse-tung, Patrice Lumumba, Moise Tshombe, *Das Kapital*, dialectical materialism, brainwashing, Fidel Castro." "What are the populations of Russia, China, Cuba, France, United States?"

Although he insisted that he had not sicced Byrne and Kaplan on the marines, Senator Thurmond declared: "I heartily endorse what they have done." But other Senators when they heard about it could not have disapproved more. Cried the Senate's Democratic Majority Leader Mike Mansfield, himself a former marine: "To say I was shocked and surprised at this kind of questioning is to state my position mildly. The greatest outfit in the world should not be subjected to questioning in this respect."

Unable to Answer. If Mansfield was irate, Marine Corps Commandant David ("Uncle Dave") Shoup was furious. Wrote General Shoup, an able, stumpy, blunt-spoken combat leader who won the Medal of Honor on Tarawa during World War II: "I am quick to admit that I am personally unable to fully answer all the questions. Yet, as a man who has spent his adult life in the military service of his country, and who believes he is a loyal and patriotic American willing to fight and die for his country should the need again arise, I do not believe my ability or that of any well-trained marine to answer that questionnaire has any particular bearing on the effectiveness of the Corps."

One of the bewildered marines who had been ordered to submit to the questionnaire stated the case even more succinctly. Said First Sergeant John J. Klutym, a veteran of 17 years' service: "I am confused about why we got this test. We are professional men. When the President and General Shoup say to go somewhere, we saddle up and go."

MICHIGAN

Fresh Face in an Open Field

All the columnists started talking about him. He was introduced on *Meet the Press* as a "strong contender" for the 1964 Republican presidential nomination. Dwight Eisenhower and Richard Nixon both mentioned him as a possibility. President Kennedy even went to the trouble of upstaging him when he was asked about the man's presidential potential at last week's news conference.

Not since Wendell Willkie had the Republicans seen anything quite like him. For the man everyone was talking about had only within the past year identified himself as a Republican, and it was not until last weekend that George Romney, 54, president and board chairman of American Motors Corp., announced that he would make his first run for elective office. Said Michigan's Romney: "I will be a candidate for the Republican gubernatorial nomination."

Although Romney is a cinch to win



GEORGE ROMNEY RUNNING OUTSIDE HIS HOME
After fasting and prayer, a run for the top.

ED BAILEY

that nomination, he faces an uphill fight against Incumbent Democratic Governor John Swainson in the fall. Yet many a politician and pundit were already measuring him for 1964, and the reasons were plain enough. The Republicans have three much bigger names than Romney, but each carries some weighty liabilities. Nixon bears the onus of his 1960 defeat; he has his hands full this year in his campaign to be Governor of California, and he has pledged that if elected he will serve out his full four-year term. Marital and home-state political problems have piled up on Nelson Rockefeller; Rocky has never been very popular with G.O.P. regulars anyway, and in a closed-circuit TV appearance last fortnight at \$100-a-plate Republican dinners in 17 cities, he was actually booed. Barry Goldwater is considered too conservative to appeal to the independent, middle-of-the-road voters that the G.O.P. must woo if it hopes to win. All of which leaves the field wide open for a new face.

Car-Borne Catnaps. A ruggedly handsome man, Romney is a Mormon leader who neither smokes, drinks (not even tea or coffee) nor swears, and who gives 10% of his annual income (which amounted to \$250,000 last year) to his church. Before he announced his gubernatorial candidacy last week, he fasted for 24 hours in prayerful consideration. A physical-fitness bug, he arises each morning at 5, jogs for a mile or so in a sweatshirt or bangles golf balls around the country club adjoining his \$150,000 house in Bloomfield Hills, a Detroit suburb. Because of the many irons he has in the fire, Romney has little time to spend with his attractive family (the Romneys have four children, five grandchildren). To catch up on sleep, he often catnaps in the fold-back bed of his chauffeur-driven Ram-

bler as he spins around Michigan on a round of speeches and meetings.

Romney was born in Chihuahua, Mexico. His parents were U.S. citizens (so he presumably meets the "native-born" constitutional requirement for President); his Mormon grandfather had moved to Mexico with his four wives after the U.S. outlawed plural marriages in 1885. George Romney served as a youthful Mormon missionary in England and Scotland, briefly attended the University of Utah, and wound up in Washington, D.C., first as an aide to Massachusetts Senator David I. Walsh and later as a lobbyist for the Aluminum Co. of America. He switched from Alcoa to the Automobile Manufacturers Association in Detroit, became director of the Automotive Council for War Production during World War II, and in 1954, at 47, became head of American Motors.

Forced to Identify. American Motors, born of a merger between Nash-Kelvinator and the Hudson Motor Car Co., was in sad shape. Romney concentrated on its compact Rambler, took on Detroit's Big Three in an aggressive missionary effort (he traveled some 70,000 miles a year) to sell the U.S. public on the compact at the expense of "gas-guzzling dinosaurs," and built the company to robust health. At the same time, Romney plunged into civic activities. In 1956 he became chairman of the Citizens' Advisory Committee on School Needs, which made 182 recommendations to the Michigan Board of Education in 1958.

When Michigan staggered into a state of near bankruptcy early in 1959, Romney got the idea for a nonpartisan group to come to the state's aid. He became the chairman and driving force of Citizens for Michigan, whose chief accomplishment was the formation of a state conven-

tion to revise Michigan's badly outdated constitution. Romney became a vice-president of the convention, but in order to sit on it, he says, he "was forced to identify as a Republican." He thus ended a non-partisan period in which he had attacked both parties "because they did not represent what I really felt a political party ought to be." Romney still attends daily sessions of the "con-con," which is due to submit its recommendations to the voters this fall. His activities there persuaded him that he should seek public office.

As an aggressive and articulate businessman, Romney is on record with a number of pronouncements on labor and anti-trust policy. He is opposed to right-to-work laws. Although he is proud of his friendly dealings with the United Auto Workers, he has spoken out against industry-wide collective bargaining (insisting that any employer with 10,000 or more employees bargain only with his workers). Says he: "Excessive concentration of power is a flat repudiation of our constitutional principles. One regrettable aspect of American life today is the fact that union power—and employer power—can be so concentrated as to shut down an entire industry basic to the welfare of the nation." In the spectrum of G.O.P. opinion, Romney is not yet firmly pinned. He feels that neither major political party lives up to his ideal of dedication "to preserving human liberties on the basis of modern application of our proven American principles." He says: "My real concern is the development of a political approach that will undertake to deal with the individual interests of people and the special interests of groups on the basis of what is good for the state or the country as a whole."

When Romney comes up against Incumbent Swainson, who has a lackluster record but is a Democrat in a state that has elected only Democratic Governors for the past 14 years, his attractions will be sternly tested. A recent Detroit *News* poll indicated that if the election had been held in January, Swainson would have won, with 50.7% against 41.9% (7.4% were undecided).

First Romney must be elected. Then he must face up to the problems of a state still deep in financial difficulty. Then, if he has built a record of achievement, he may indeed be a formidable presidential contender.

NEW YORK

Speaker Stumbles

Sleek, sonorous Joseph F. Carlino, 44, G.O.P. boss of booming Nassau County and Speaker of the New York state assembly, was a leading aspirant to succeed Nelson Rockefeller as Governor some day. Of the current crop of New York Republicans, Carlino had shot up farther and faster than anyone but Rocky himself. But last week ambitious Joe Carlino was fighting for his political life. Appearing before the assembly's Committee on Ethics and Guidance, he defended himself against conflict-of-interest charges that he

had had an interest in an atom-shelter firm that stood to profit from a \$100-million school and college shelter program that Carlino helped get enacted last year.

The source of the charges was a political oddity: Manhattan's Freshman Democratic Assemblyman Mark Lane, 34, a shaggy lone wolf who is as popular with his liberal Yorkville and East Harlem constituency as he is unpopular with his colleagues on both sides of the Albany aisle. "Mark," says a friend, "sees himself as a beleaguered knight on a white charger whenever he undertakes a cause." Lane has undertaken plenty of causes: from his law office he has handled hundreds of cases—often without a fee—in defense of narcotics addicts, civil liberties and tenants' rights. Last summer he charged down to Mississippi as a Freedom Rider; he is still out on \$500 bond after a breach-of-peace arrest. His fellow assemblymen, both Democratic and Republican, groan pointedly when Lane rises to deliver one of his long and emotional speeches. He clearly hopes to make his assault against Carlino a springboard for a try this year for Congress.

Press of Business. Lane began tilting against Carlino just ten days after New York's school-shelter bill became law last November. He cited Carlino as a director of Lancer Industries, Inc., a Long Island firm that controls a major shelter-manufacturing concern. Lancer, cried Lane, figured for a windfall out of the shelter law. Last week, before the assembly ethics committee, Carlino argued that Lancer could not possibly have benefited from the bill; the company makes only home-sized shelters, not the larger shelters called for by the state program. Nelson Rockefeller also defended Carlino.

In his testimony, Carlino explained his relationship with Lancer—in terms that sometimes seemed limp. The association, he said, had begun when Lancer, then primarily a swimming-pool manufacturer, hired his law firm at a \$500 monthly retainer; later, although he held no Lancer stock, Carlino was made a member of the board. In the spring of 1961, Carlino was informed that Lancer was going to start making shelters. By his own admission, he realized that he might have a conflict-of-interest problem because "the state might ultimately be involved in some legislation involving home fallout shelters." Carlino said he telephoned Lancer to announce his intention to resign from the board. But the press of political business had prevented him from writing a letter of resignation until after the state shelter bill was passed.

Prospects Dimmed. Clearly, Joe Carlino at best had been guilty of bad judgment. And as last week's hearings came to an end, he was a worried man. "This," he cried to the assembly committee, "has taken on the aspect of a concerted effort to break down the confidence of the people in government as we know it." Then, bursting out of the hearing room, he flailed wildly at Lane on television. Behind the charges against him were the "enemies of the United States, those closely

connected with the Communist Party . . . Their technique is to beat fallout shelters throughout the United States." As for Lane: "I don't know if he is being used or if he is part and parcel of it."

Reaching its report to the assembly, the Committee on Ethics and Guidance seemed unlikely to hand Carlino more than a wrist slapping. But Joe Carlino's prospects for bigger and better political things had certainly dimmed.

CALIFORNIA

The Unveiling

The Birchers were taking their lumps last week. On Jack Paar's TV show, Richard Nixon said that politicians "who accept or seek the support of organizations like the John Birch Society are not serving America." Barry Goldwater, wrote Conservative Russell Kirk, has warned that "responsible conservatives cannot condone political silliness." The conservative



ESSAY WINNER ROSE WITH MOTHER
Solid Birch.

National Review tore the society to shreds (see PRESS). And Father Benjamin L. Masse, editor of the Jesuit weekly, *America*, wrote that good Roman Catholics could not be Birchers. There is, said he, an "open and flagrant contradiction between the socio-economic teachings of Robert Welch and that of Leo XIII and his successors."

At a Los Angeles rally, meanwhile, the Birchers unveiled Eddie Rose, a 23-year-old college student who had just won the society's \$1,000 first prize for the best essay on: "Grounds for the Impeachment of Earl Warren." Eddie flunked out of the U.C.L.A. engineering school, attended Los Angeles City College for a year, is now taking extension courses in engineering at U.C.L.A. Off campus, he works as a weight analyst at Douglas Aircraft's Santa Monica plant. The Birch Society kept the text of Eddie's essay secret, but Eddie

got the general idea across. On a television interview, he accused Earl Warren of following "the Communist line" in 36 Supreme Court decisions; he also recommended the impeachment of Associate Justices Hugo Black, William O. Douglas and William J. Brennan.

MASSACHUSETTS

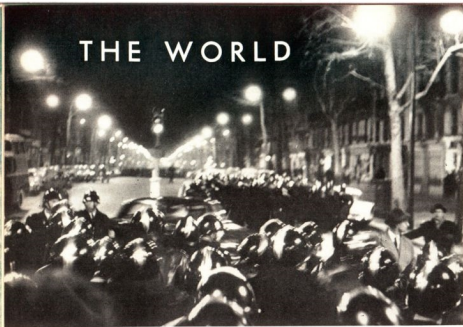
"Beneath the Sacred Dome"

"We must have a moral housecleaning," intoned Republican Governor John Volpe, "if Massachusetts is to hold its rightful, honored place among the states of our nation." Appearing before a joint session of the state legislature, Volpe was urging the formation of a Citizens Crime Commission to root out, among other things, illegal gambling. The Governor had good cause for concern—for by last week it appeared that beneath its gilded dome, the Massachusetts Statehouse itself was one of Boston's busiest bookie joints.

The dustup began last November, when Republican Representative Harrison Chadwick appeared on CBS television and charged that some legislators were involved with bookies. Last week the Democratic-controlled house rules committee was in secret session, trying to decide whether the house should expel Chadwick or merely censure him for his indiscretion. But even as the committee met, Senate President John Powers, a Democrat, fired Robert G. Connolly, a former Democratic legislator who is now chief of the capitol's documents room, for "operating a bookie joint right over our heads beneath the sacred dome." Cried Powers: "He had a radio there. He had 'green sheets' there. People gathered there. There is no question in my mind." Powers' suspicions of State House gambling were aroused when he had to break up a fist fight between two Senate pages who were battling over their cut of the take from relaying senatorial bets. "I began gambling a long time ago," admitted Connolly, "and I found I had plenty of company in the legislature. The Republicans gamble and the Democrats gamble." Later, Connolly claimed: "I am not a bookie. I never registered a bet in my life. I am an amateur handicapper."

Getting into the act, the capitol police turned up 50 numbers-pool slips in a basement annex room, discovered what seemed to be a betting pad in an elevator embarrassingly close to Governor Volpe's office. Volpe promptly ordered a wall-to-wall search of the capitol by state police, who later succeeded in getting three state employees to sign gambling confessions. But then the house rules committee cleared Documents Clerk Connolly of the charges against him. Said Democratic House Speaker John Thompson: "The job of the rules committee was to look into this cloud of suspicion hanging over the statehouse. I am satisfied it has been dispelled." Connolly still could not be restored to his job without the consent of Powers, but it was pretty obvious that Massachusetts lawmakers were still interested in the improvement of the breed.

THE WORLD



STREET RIOTING IN PARIS
"The nation scorns and condemns."

JEAN MARQUIS

FRANCE

Nights of Doubt

For the Moslems of Algeria, as for their brethren elsewhere in Islam, it was *Leilat-echeh*, or the Night of Doubt, when the faithful traditionally scan the sky for the appearance of the moon that marks the beginning of the holy month, Ramadan. It was also the time Charles de Gaulle had chosen for his latest broadcast report on the Algerian situation, and he sounded as if, for him, the night held no doubts whatever: peace with the Moslems of Algeria would soon be concluded, he insisted, and the terrorist Secret Army Organization would be crushed.

Without once mentioning the S.A.O. by name, De Gaulle made a scathing attack upon it. He poured scorn on "unworthy Frenchmen launched into subver-

sive and criminal activities" who were "exploiting and aggravating the anxiety of a segment of the population of European origin, the nostalgia of certain elements of the army, the rancor and the ambition of several military leaders or available politicians." They would fail, cried De Gaulle, because "the nation itself unanimously scorns and condemns these people, their conspiracies and their attacks."

Before and after De Gaulle's astringent, contemptuous speech, the killing went on.

Upside Down. In Algeria, an S.A.O. detachment took over the newspaper office of *L'Echo d'Oran*, put out 20,000 copies of an edition with a huge picture of the S.A.O. chief, ex-General Raoul Salan, and a fiery S.A.O. communiqué, which in their haste they printed upside down. S.A.O. gunmen murdered Commandant André Boule, chief of gendarmerie at Sidi-bel-Abbas, just as he was about to take a plane to Paris to be commended for exceptional service. As the steamer *Ville de Bordeaux* was about to cast off from Bône harbor bound for France with a returning force of security police, a hidden bomb killed four, including the young son of a policeman.

In Paris the plastic bombs went off all week long. One exploded at the house of Culture Minister André Malraux, but the famed author of *Man's Fate* was not at home. The detonation drove 300 splinters of glass into the face and body of four-year-old Delphine Renard, whose engineer father occupied the ground floor. Doctors last week operated in the hope of saving her sight.

Because of the government's seeming failure to prevent the bombings or to bring the *plastiquiers* to justice, Communist, Independent Socialist and Roman Catholic trade unions called for a mass demonstration at the Place de la Bastille. But demonstrations have been forbidden since last April's state of emergency was

declared by De Gaulle, and police charged the 12,000 workers massing in a dozen back streets, crying "S.A.O. Assassins!" the crowd fought back with bricks and paving stones, but hundreds went down beneath the rifle butts, lead-weighted capes and heavy riot clubs of the police. In less than an hour, eight demonstrators died, their skulls crushed by repeated blows. Among them: three young women and a 15-year-old boy.

Sheepish Surrender. Scarcely had the streets been cleared than ten new plastic bombs exploded in widely separated parts of Paris. One blew in the windows of the Soviet news agency, Tass. At week's end a one-hour workers' strike to protest the police methods used to break up the Bastille demonstration stalled Parisian industry and business. City and suburban buses halted, the Paris subway and commuter train service was affected. Actress Brigitte Bardot, who had won respect last November by publicly defying an S.A.O. blackmail attempt, walked off a movie set along with film technicians.

Despite De Gaulle's bold words, it was a bad week for the government. Yet there was one piece of good news from Algeria: a military patrol near Philippeville rounded up 40 uniformed men wearing S.A.O. armbands; they called themselves the "Bonaparte Commando." The entire group was captured without a shot being fired, and their sheepish surrender strengthened those Gaullists who have maintained that the S.A.O. detachments, though capable of bombings and isolated assassinations, have no stomach for a showdown fight.

At week's end, negotiators once again converged on the unknown meeting place for what probably was their last session. From Tunis, headquarters of the F.L.N., provisional government, came a top team headed by Deputy Premier Belkacem Krim and Foreign Minister Saad Dahlab. The French delegation was led by ab'e Louis Joxe, Minister for Algerian Affairs in De Gaulle's Cabinet. For the first time,



SALAN ON PROPAGANDA SHEET
Mourning little girls.

AP



PARIS-MATCH

NEGOTIATOR JOXE
Setting a date for peace.

Paris observers were setting the target date for a peace treaty between France and the F.L.N. in terms of days, instead of weeks or months. Reportedly, the French government was ready with stacks of freshly printed posters announcing the cease-fire. One poster showed a Moslem F.L.N. soldier and a French army conscript shaking hands under the legend: "Peace in Algeria."

GREAT BRITAIN

Attack on Mac

Television ratings are not necessarily a reliable index to political popularity, but Tory politicians are still busy reading implications into Prime Minister Harold Macmillan's latest TV appearance. When Mac started to talk, he had an audience of nearly 8,000,000, according to the British equivalent of a Nielsen survey, but by the time he had finished his 15-minute address, more than 1,000,000 viewers had switched off their sets. With syrupy platitudes, the Prime Minister glossed over difficulties and blurred issues, failed to spell out forcefully what his policies would really mean to Britain. "The Prime Minister lolls and drools in fireside chats," said Ray Gunter, a member of the Labor Party's shadow cabinet. "He says we have done jolly well, but we ought to do a little better . . . It is wrong to lead the people with words suited to a girls' junior hockey side."

Macmillan's television performance was only the latest in a series of disappointments that have made Britain begin to question his leadership. Fortnight ago, while addressing the Oxford University Conservative Association, Macmillan was booed down by undergraduates shouting "Give us more clichés." In the lobbies of Westminster and the coffeehouses of Soho, a major national pastime is "rubbing the magic off Mac." No longer is he the urbane figure who rescued the Tory Party from the Suez disaster, repaired the Anglo-American breach, led the Tories to a smashing election victory in 1959 with the slogan: "You never had it so good." To many Tories, Macmillan's familiar Edwardian image has become a liability.

Too Fast, Too Slow. As it happens, Britons do have it good. They have more money, more leisure, more television sets, washing machines and refrigerators than ever before. In the midst of this prosperity, Britain is making a number of historic decisions. Having resigned itself long ago to a reduced status in world affairs compared with the U.S. and Russia, it is also detaching itself somewhat from the historic and psychological tradition of Commonwealth and Empire. By preparing to join the Common Market, Britain in fact acknowledged that its economic destiny lies more with Europe than with the Commonwealth. But there is discontent among Britons opposed to the changes, and among those who feel the changes are not happening fast enough.

Heightening the feeling of unrest is the fact that the economy, despite prosperity, is turning sluggish. In the first six months

of 1961, Britain lost \$460 million in gold and currency, and economists warn that if the country is to support itself, exports must rise 10% per year over the next four years; the predicted rise for 1962 is only 4%. To make Britain's industry more competitive for foreign markets, the government instituted a "pay pause" for Britain's state-employed workers. Reason: in the first half of 1961, production rose only 2%, while wages jumped 9%, compared with the same period in 1960. The result was a wave of strikes organized by Britain's notoriously fat and powerful unions.

Right Wing, Left Wing. In the face of these challenges the 68-year-old Prime Minister has often seemed tired, indecisive and reluctant to face up to his opposition, notably a small but vociferous group of Tories vigorously opposing his determination to lead Britain into the Common Market. They insist that Britain owes its primary allegiance to the Commonwealth

Right-wing empire loyalists and younger Tory businessmen with a financial stake in Africa deplore what they regard as the government's unseemly haste in granting independence to African colonies that are not ready for self-government, let alone responsibility in world affairs. These critics have still not forgiven the U.N. action against Katanga, and regard Foreign Secretary Lord Home's bitter criticism of the U.N. last December as their charter. But not all the Tory discontent with the government comes from right-wingers. The Bow Group,* an unofficial progressive organization with nearly 1,000 Tory members, has attacked the government's "weak and puzzling" record on colonial issues, has urged that the government back the U.N. more firmly.

Not Yet MMG. In the House of Commons last week, the Labor Party proposed censuring Lord Home's anti-U.N. speech. Gleefully echoing some of the Tory backbenchers' own criticisms of Macmillan,



MACMILLAN

They never had it so good—except for the man with the magic.



LEGGE-BOURKE



WILSON

and fear that the Common Market's built-in pressure toward political unity would narrow Britain's sovereignty. Worrying about the competition of continental farmers, Britain's prosperous farm bloc also opposes the Common Market. Ironically, the right-wing Tory opponents of the Common Market have found allies in the extreme left of the Labor Party. Many doctrinaire socialists feel that if Britain joins, it would be all but impossible to complete the nationalization of British industry, because the slowdowns and dislocations inevitably caused by nationalization, even if only temporary, would not be permissible in the stiffly competitive Common Market; they also know that British labor would have to work much harder against continental competition.

There is similar dissatisfaction with the government's African and U.N. policies.

Laborite Harold Wilson attacked "the same faltering hand, the same dithering indecision and confusion." But Macmillan held his ground, the Tories closed ranks against Labor, and the censure motion was handily defeated. Earlier, Sir Harry Legge-Bourke, a leading Tory backbencher, had called on Macmillan to resign in favor of a younger man. "The country today needs unflinching vigor, undaunted hope, infallible faith and the forward look," said Legge-Bourke. "I do not believe that it is fair to expect those who have borne such heavy burdens so courageously for so long to go on until they either break down or bemuse the public mind."

But Macmillan was not likely to heed

* Named for its first meeting place, the Bow and Bromley Conservative Club in London's East End.

such criticism from his back benches. His ambition is to lead Britain into the Common Market and thus establish his stature in history. His supporters claim that by deliberately glossing over the issues, he avoids even greater public uproar about his policies. Moreover, the Labor Party has not mustered enough national support to topple his government. The dissident Tories, meanwhile, advance such names as Butler, Sandys, Conservative Party Chairman Iain Macleod, and Lord Privy Seal Edward Heath to succeed Macmillan. But none yet has the stature to lead the party. With general elections still a year off, Macmillan can go about implementing his policies in his own way. As a Tory backbencher said last week: "We haven't yet started the cry 'MMG'—Macmillan must go—because there is no successor in sight."

RUSSIA

The "Liberal" Life

Nikita Khrushchev, in the view of one Western school of thought, is the best man our side has in Russia. For all his bullheadedness and ugly threats, it is said, Khrushchev should be helped to stay in power, since his downfall might bring a far worse man to the top—presumably an adherent of the militant Stalinist or Chinese line. Soviet diplomats, seeking concessions abroad, subtly encourage this view, and Yugoslavia's Tito has been plugging it. Lately, it has found new and prominent exponents in the West. Last week Hearst Columnist George Sokolsky, a veteran anti-Communist, startled readers with the strident prediction that "if Khrushchev falls, we shall have immediate war." On television, former Vice President Richard M. Nixon declared, "We can feel quite fortunate that Khrushchev rather than someone else is the dictator of the Soviet Union." Last week the case for Khrushchev as a man of peace—and a possible future ally of the West against Red China—was given front-page treatment in a series of articles in the New York Times written by Reporter Harrison E. Salisbury after a two-month swing through the Soviet Union.

As a Moscow correspondent for the



MOSCOW YOUTH CAFE
Everything is tip top and okay, zhentlemen.

Times in Stalin's final paranoid years, Salisbury had worked under the world's stiffest censorship; as a result, his blue-penciled stories in those days sometimes read more like items from *Pravda* than straight news. Not until Salisbury returned to New York in 1954 could he write the facts; Moscow promptly blasted him as "ignorant" and a "liar," and refused him another visa for several years. Salisbury's latest product doubtless would win him some plaudits in the Kremlin—and some angry snarls as well.

Cuba "Folk Dances." He wrote of a nation and an ideology in deep ferment, belying the Communist theory that enough agitprop and malice can stop man's thoughts and instincts and create a horde of obedient automatons. On the contrary, wrote Salisbury, a large section of Russia's youth is rebellious and alive with foreign ideas in the wake of the long years of Stalinist repression. Salisbury does not ignore the millions of sober Communist youngsters who study hard in their schools and universities, or work enthu-

siastically in factories. But more importantly, said Salisbury, there is rising a "lost generation . . . alienated from Soviet goals and strongly oriented toward anything Western—from a new hairdo to democratic freedoms."

American jazz is everywhere; the party no longer even attempts to suppress it. "Moscow bands play a solid repertoire of Western numbers. When the bands stop playing, they switch on tape recordings made from broadcasts of *Music U.S.A.*, a Voice of America program." Latin American music—the samba, the mambo, the cha cha cha—is also popular, often under the guise of "native folk dances" of Cuba, Russia's Communist friend. Though Russia has its brawling young nihilists, the day of the *stilyagi* (zoot suiters) is gone; more often youths are dressed in conservative grey with pencil-thin trousers. There is even a blue-jean fad, to the anger of militant party stalwarts, who note acidly that the blue denim must have been smuggled in from abroad, since it is a product not even manufactured in the Soviet Union.

The Greatest Defeat. Young people pepper their conversation with Western-slanted jargon such as "tip top" and "okay," refer to one another as "zhentlemen." In Soviet teen-age slang, *flesh-royal* (royal flush) means wonderful, *zhelezny* (iron) means great or terrific, and *tachka* (wheelbarrow) means the family car. These youths, wrote Salisbury, "are the despair of the Communist Party." As one party loyalist put it, "This is our greatest defeat. The young people have deserted the cause. I do not know how we are going to get them back."

There is also ferment among some of the highest Soviet scientists, reported Salisbury; they are beginning to accept a spiritual concept of the universe. "These men have not become believers in a formal religion or dogma . . . But they are



SHEPLEIN



SEMICHASTNY



ILVICHEV

The devil one knows may be preferable.

no longer atheists." At the same time the young priesthood of the Russian Orthodox Church is pushing its own reform movement to rescue the image of the church from that of superstition and backwardness; the priests want to relate the church to modern life. "One priest, for example," wrote Salisbury, "is presenting a series of sermons on topics of immediate and controversial interest. He announces the series in advance, like a lecture, and encourages discussion after the sermon." From time to time the Communist Party cracks down by closing a seminary here, a church academy there; it also floods the bookstores with anti-religious propaganda. But some 20,000 churches remain open, and flourish.

Spiritual Mentor. To experts in the field, much of Harrison Salisbury's account was neither new nor controversial, but it constituted topnotch, readable reporting of daily life in Russia. It was when Salisbury took up the larger issue of Soviet policy that he began to get in trouble with the Kremlinologists. Many of them disagreed with his thesis that "a bitter struggle is emerging . . . between a powerful neo-Stalinist faction and a broadly based group of liberals for the dominant role in the country's future."

The "liberals," said Salisbury, were Nikita Khrushchev and some of the older men grouped around him, e.g., First Deputy Premier Anastas Mikoyan. The "neo-Stalinists" were said to represent a wide range of middle-aged and young men who pay lip service to the anti-Stalin campaign, then proceed to support Stalin's old tough ways. Such men, said Salisbury, are Vladimir Semichastny, head of the secret police; Aleksandr Shelepin, former secret police chief who is now a high-ranking member of the party secretariat; Leonid Ilyichev, the government press chief. Their "spiritual mentor," said Salisbury, seemed to be Mikhail Suslov, the Communists' chief ideologist, who said in a speech two weeks ago that peaceful coexistence permits "reasonable compromises" on the political front, but must not lead to "ideological disarmament." Disagreeing with Salisbury, Kremlinologists generally regard Semichastny and Shelepin as Khrushchev's own creatures, and Suslov is currently tagged by most experts as Nikita's ally.

Most startling was Salisbury's conclusion that some of the men around Khrushchev "are liberal not only in contrast with Stalinist authoritarianism, but, by and large, in the Western sense of liberalism as well . . . They believe in a rule of law, of justice, as it is known in the West, and in freedom of the individual within socially recognized bounds . . ." To many Western experts, this seemed preposterously wishful thinking. Says a Munich-based expert: "There are no liberals and no neo-Stalinists—only hard-line and soft-line men in the ideological war with the rest of the world."

Necessary Warning. No doubt there are major differences between the "hard-line" and the "soft-line" men in the

Kremlin that the West must not ignore and may be able to exploit. Khrushchev may in fact be preferable, says one Western diplomat, "as the devil I know to the devil I don't know." But any concessions to him, in the most realistic Western view, should be made not "to help him stay in power" but only if they are clearly in the Western interest as well.

As Reporter Salisbury ended, the *Times* itself felt it necessary to warn readers in an editorial against "wishful thinking" about Moscow's intentions: "Premier Khrushchev may well be anxious to avoid a nuclear war as long as the West is strong enough to meet a Soviet attack with retaliatory nuclear annihilation . . . But this does not necessarily mean real peace. 'Peaceful coexistence' may be nothing more than a way of waging all but nuclear war to assure a Communist world triumph."



POLITICIAN KEKKONEN
As springy as the sofa lounge.

FINLAND

Fine Distinction

Finland owes its precarious freedom, says President Urho K. Kekkonen, to the ability "to live on fine distinctions." In foreign affairs, the tiny nation follows a policy of friendly neutrality toward its giant Soviet neighbor, but in its internal politics, Finland has steadfastly denied power to the Communists. In parliamentary elections last week, Finland again demonstrated its gift for fine distinctions: it slapped down local Communists without overtly offending Moscow.

The elections were the latest installment of a political cliffhanger that began last fall when Moscow started making menacing noises suggesting a Soviet military move against Finland. At the time, President Kekkonen rushed to Siberia for a soothing meeting with Nikita Khrushchev, assured him of Finland's firm

friendship with Russia, and returned home with a ringing plea that Finnish anti-Communists ought to quit public life. Only a few took his advice. In presidential elections last month, Kekkonen himself was overwhelmingly re-elected as the man who could get along with Moscow. In last week's parliamentary race (parliamentary and presidential elections are held separately in Finland), Kekkonen's moderate Agrarian Party again did extremely well, while anti-Communists showed that they were still very much a factor in Finnish politics.

New Majority. Throughout the campaign, the chief argument of all non-Communist political parties had been that the Communist vote must be held down, else Moscow might demand the inclusion of Reds in the Finnish Cabinet. Without mentioning Russia, political advertisements boldly warned that a vote for the Communists was a vote for "dictatorship." Newspapers and broadcasters loudly urged "sofa loungers" to get out and vote, since a light turnout would only aid the efficiently mobilized Communist Party. The Reds fought hard: in northernmost Lapland, the Communists cornered almost all the local taxis to shuttle their supporters to the polls.

Taxis and all, the Communists managed to win about 22% of the vote—1% less than in 1958. But because of the record turnout of 2,270,000 voters (83% of the electorate), the Reds lost three of their 50 seats in the 200-seat parliament. Among the losers: Party Chairman Aino Aaltonen, who had held his seat from the city of Turku since 1945. The defeat dropped the Communists to second place in parliament, topped by Kekkonen's Agrarians, who were able to gain six seats for a new total of 53. A more serious loss was suffered by the fellow-traveling Independent Socialists: twelve of their 14 representatives were defeated. The strongly anti-Communist Social Democrats picked up only one seat for a new parliamentary total of 38. Net: a one-vote leftist majority was replaced by a 13-vote majority of centrists, which promised to free Finland from years of legislative paralysis.

Moscow reaction was mixed. *Pravda*, the party organ, professed to find satisfaction in the fact that Russia's arch-enemies, the Social Democrats, lost slightly in the total popular vote compared with 1958. *Izvestia*, the government mouthpiece, was unhappy, accused "right-wing bourgeois groups" of using "all means, including provocations," to defeat Finland's Communists.

WEST GERMANY

Der Liszt Twist

In Munich, teen-agers sport peppermint-striped skirts whose hems bear the legend "*Achtung, es wird getwist!*" (Watch out, we're doing the twist) and wiggle to the recorded groanings of one Oliver Twist and his group, *Die Happy Twisters*. In West Berlin's jumping Eden



OTFRED SCHWITZ

TWISTERS IN MUNICH Achtung! Achtung! Ach!

Saloon, lithe and limber Jamaican and Ghanaian girls nightly instruct votaries in a ritualistic, undulating "voodoo twist." Months after it began spraining sacroiliacs in the U.S., Britain and France, the twist has seized Germany.

No dance band can squeeze in more than one quick waltz or fox trot before the crowd begins chanting "Twist! Twist!" The bands quickly oblige. In less than two months, German record companies have spun out 300,000 twist disks, hope to triple their sales in six months. Of 100 different twist tunes, none on the market is more popular than a weirdie called *Liebestraum von Liszt Twist*, which is selling nearly 30,000 platters a week. Sample lyrics:

*Dus ist, das ist, das ist der Liebestraum von Liszt,
Der Liebestraum von Liszt—als twist.
Doch keiner kanns so gut wie Papa Liszt.*

*Ja, das ist, das ist, das ist der schöne weltbekannte Liebestraum von Liszt,
Der Liebestraum von Liszt—als twist.*

If he could hear what has happened to his *schöne, weltbekannte* melody, Papa Liszt no doubt would be writhing, not twisting. And he would have plenty of company—solid German doctors who warn against "accelerating one's hips and legs in opposite directions," parents and churchmen who deplore "the overt sexual implications of the dance." But some German intellectuals defend the twist. It is, says one Munich psychiatrist, "a proper cure for working off frustrations." And a psychiatrist in Berlin, where the cold war takes the rap for all sorts of aberrations, sees it as a byproduct of an anxious age. "The twist craze," says he, "can be attributed to *Atomangst*."

☉ In abbreviated translation: "This is the *Liebestraum* by Liszt—done as a twist. But nobody can do it as well as Papa Liszt. Yes, this is the beautiful, world-renowned *Liebestraum* by Liszt—done as a twist."

Stag Party Canceled

Soviet Ambassador Andrei Smirnov kept pleading, with anyone who would listen, for separate negotiations between Russia and West Germany. Breaking precedent, Smirnov even showed up at a U.S. newsmen's cocktail party in Bonn to buttonhole guests with his persistent questions: "Why are you afraid to let the West Germans talk to us?"

In fact, the U.S. has little objection to Moscow-Bonn talks so long as they are coordinated with the U.S., Britain and France in advance. But this is not what Moscow has in mind at all: it wants to huddle with the West Germans in complete isolation, split the Western allies. To plug the idea further, Smirnov issued informal invitations to a *Herrenabend* (stag evening) at the Soviet embassy, where he hoped to persuade key members of the parliament over caviar and vodka. Back in his office after a two-week bout with flu, Chancellor Konrad Adenauer got wind of Smirnov's projected party, ordered his lieutenants not to accept the invitation. The Russians canceled the *Herrenabend*.

So far, it has been easy for the West Germans to turn their backs on the Soviet proposal. For Smirnov has offered not the slightest hint of what political price Moscow might be prepared to offer in any negotiations. But in their pitch, the Russians have firm backing from all their allies—even Marshal Tito has stopped Yugoslavia's hate-Germany campaign to sweeten the atmosphere—and the Smirnov line still has some appeal in West Germany. Particularly interested: Erich Mende, leader of Adenauer's little Free Democratic coalition partners, who has long sought closer contact with Moscow to spur chances of German reunification, also wants to show German voters that he has ideas of his own, and is not just following Adenauer's line. Said Mende: "There must be an answer [to the Soviet moves], because if there is not, it will sound bad in the universities and other places when research is done ten years from now. People might say we missed an opportunity here."

ITALY

Grey-Flannel Communism

Shouted a party member from the rear of the crowded ballroom: "Let's talk about Stalinists and anti-Stalinists!" The challenge shocked the 4,000 comrades who jammed Bologna's ornate 13th century Palazzo del Podestà. For as long as he could, the speaker, Italian Communist Boss Palmiro Togliatti, ignored the interruption and continued his prepared address on national politics. Just before he finished, Togliatti replied to the heckler: "We are for the socialist revolution, which has opened the road to a new society. This society has been built by the Soviet Union. Who built it—the Stalinists or the anti-Stalinists?"

If the answer was ambiguous, the demand for debate had been uncomfortably clear. The doubts and divisions raised by

Khrushchev's destalinization drive and the Sino-Soviet conflict have plunged the Italian Communist movement into bitter internal quarrels.

This week the party's central committee meets to cope with a fresh factional split brought on by the *apertura a sinistra* (opening to the left), the parliamentary alliance between Christian Democrats and left-wing Socialists (TIME, Feb. 9). One group of militant Communists fears that successful center-left cooperation would weaken the party by weaning away thousands of rank-and-file supporters, favors discrediting the alliance before it is launched (by demanding more radical reforms than the new coalition can support). A more moderate group, which includes Togliatti, argues: if you can't beat 'em, join 'em, on the theory that the *apertura* can later be widened to include Communists as well.

Roads to Power. The Communist Party's 1,700,000 members, 6,700,000 electoral supporters (one-fifth of the total Italian vote in 1958), and an income of \$50 million a year from dues, investments and Soviet subsidies make it the largest, most influential Communist Party in the free world. It is also the fattest and most bourgeois, charge its critics. Years ago, Togliatti's double-breasted suits had become the symbol of Italy's "respectable" Communism, seeking power not through revolution but in Parliament and at the polls. These days, more and more Italian comrades wear well-cut grey flannel, while their women appear at party functions in modish sweaters with tasteful single strands of pearls. But right now there are some bad rips in the party's grey-flannel respectability.

At one extreme are a minority of die-hard Stalinists, longing for the early post-war years when Communist partisans expectantly scrawled signs, "*Ha da veni Baffone*"—Big Mustache (Stalin) is coming. They blame Khrushchev's coexistence politics for shattering the unity of the Soviet bloc. Togliatti's support of Khrushchev, says Senior Stalinist Mauro Scoc-



RONA S. PRESS PHOTO

PARTY BOSS TOGLIATTI
"What new mess?"



ADVANCED THRUST



... Moves power forward for arrow-straight going

MORE WAGON ROOM...MORE WAGON ZOOM! Open the door, look at the floor and you'll see that Buick's new Invicta Estate Wagon has more easy-living room now than ever. Reason? Advanced Thrust that places the bigger, livelier Wildcat V-8 far forward over the front wheels... makes the front floor nearly flat. Advanced Thrust also gives you ruler-straight going even in crosswinds. Faster wheel response. More reason to make it a Buick wagon? Buick's sizzling Turbine Drive, carpeted floors, power tailgate window are all standard. Try a real wagon at your Buick dealer's now. Buick Motor Div., General Motors Corp.

'62 BUICK

SEAGRAM DISTILLERS COMPANY, N.Y.C. 90 PROOF. DISTILLED DRY GIN. DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN.



The butler did it...

He made the martinis dryer than ever before. Changed butlers? No. Changed gins! Changed to Seagram's. The gin dried by nature till all the sweetness and perfumery are gone—till it turns a light amber dry. That's the ultimate in dryness. The ultimate in gins! The one and only.

SEAGRAM'S EXTRA DRY GIN—IT BELONGS WITH GRACIOUS LIVING.



cimarro, 66, has "created confusion within the party." Scorning Togliatti's parliamentary tactics, the Stalinists still prefer the revolutionary road to victory. Like Scoccimarro, most of the old guard are veterans of Mussolini's jails, but some are young toughs who shouted at a recent meeting: "Khrushchev is a madman who belongs in a padded cell!"

Also opposing Khrushchev and Togliatti, but for different reasons, are a growing number of young radicals who almost captured control of the party in 1960 and who, since the Moscow Congress last fall, have returned to the attack. Charging the Italian Communist leadership with "corresponsibility" for Stalin's crimes, the so-called "renovators" demand democratization of internal party affairs, greater freedom from Soviet dictation. Leader of the renovators is burly Giorgio Amendola, 54, a skillful organizer who has never visited Russia or its satellites and has no desire to do so because, he says, low living standards "depress me." Adds Amendola: "We must acknowledge the diversity of positions of the U.S.S.R. and China, of Yugoslavia and Cuba, of Italy and France" (whose Communist Party, along with Czechoslovakia's, has denounced the Italian party as "revisionist" and "opportunist"). Such diversity, says Amendola, is "an inevitable consequence of the Communist advance in the world."

To some, Amendola is not a liberalizer but merely an opportunist who seeks to oust Togliatti. "He wants neither a Stalinist nor an anti-Stalinist party," says one critic. "He wants a nice, homemade Communism that knows how to play the game in the Italian manner—that is, with a card up its sleeve."

Balancing Act. Most of the aces are still held by Togliatti, 68. He too advocates Communist diversity—in fact, he coined a word to describe it: "polycentrism"—but he does not go so far as Amendola. Once an ardent Stalinist, Togliatti smoothly switched to supporting Khrushchev, and the Italian party was one of the first to denounce Khrushchev's ideological enemies, the Red Chinese and the Albanians. Not that there is much personal warmth between him and the Kremlin boss. Several years ago, Togliatti routinely began his day by asking his staff: "What new mess has our peasant got us into today?"

Dexterously balancing between the Stalinists and the renovators, Togliatti has retained his hold on the party leadership, which seems less interested in protecting Marxist purity than in pursuing, along with much of the nation, a middle-class standard of living. Bologna's Communist Mayor Giuseppe Dozza, for instance, speaks not of overthrowing capitalism, but of inviting Christian Democrats into the city administration, repairing roads, luring new private industry.

Serenaded by such unrevolutionary slogans, the factory workers who make up 38% of the Communist Party's rolls are showing some loss of political ardor. The Communist Party is offering television sets and typewriters as prizes for comrades

who sign up the most recruits. The party merchandizers also give away six-month subscriptions to the Red newspaper, *L'Unità*;² at the end of the free-trial period, a copy of *L'Unità* arrives with an unsolicited gift—a party card made out to the head of the family. But the party's drive for new members is uphill most of the way. Example: in the Red stronghold of Genoa, the number of registered party members has dropped from 90,000 in 1956 to 55,000 last year.

JORDAN

New Frontiersmen

For some time, Jordan's gay, gutty King Hussein, 26, has shown signs of settling down. Once a lavish aviation and sports-car buff, he has not had a new plane or car in three years. Recalling a Washington visit, he often says earnestly: "Our main problem is how to fit President Kennedy's vision and energy to Jordan's prob-

investive, accusing the King and his new Premier of being imperialist pawns and even of secretly encouraging Israeli ambitions. As a result of the end of the Arab-Israeli fighting in 1949, Jordan increased its population by about two-thirds; all of the new citizens are Palestinian Arabs, many of them refugees who feel no loyalty either to Hussein or to Jordan. Little Jordan (pop. 1,600,000) gets modest Western aid (\$45.5 million from the U.S. and \$7,000,000 from Britain in 1961), has a yearly budget deficit of \$100 million. Most of its development projects, except for the new East Ghor Canal scheme (TIME, Oct. 27) and Jerusalem highway, exist only on paper.

Budgeting for continuing U.S. aid through 1966, Wasfi Tal wants to spend \$357 million to make Jordan self-sufficient in food, develop its small potash and phosphate industry, increase its annual tourist earnings from \$11 million to \$50 million, and provide new jobs for 90,000



PREMIER TAL



HUSSEIN, ABDULLAH & TONI

Kennedyism abroad.

lems." Fortnight ago Hussein acted with vision, energy and political daring.

Suddenly disenchanted with the ineffectual, corrupt administration of his Premier, Bahjat Talhoumi, Hussein fired his entire government. As his new Premier, Hussein chose a tough ex-army officer, Wasfi Tal, 41, who promptly gathered an entire new Jordanian team, including six graduates from such institutions as Yale and Princeton. Like the King, he was obviously impressed by Washington. Said Wasfi Tal: "We are beginning a New Frontier for Jordan."

Troubled Blueprint. The Middle Eastern Frontiersmen, who are rated by Westerners as extremely able but inexperienced, face huge stacks of trouble. From Cairo, Nasser keeps up a stream of anti-Hussein

unemployed. He pledges that Jordan's notoriously inefficient civil service will be overhauled from top to bottom.

Mixed Omens. The new Premier is a nature lover who claims he would be happiest inspecting Jordan's trees. He is a graduate of Beirut's American University, fought as a British army captain during the war, later served for a spell in the Syrian army, returned to Jordan to become a civil servant. In the tax department, Wasfi Tal is remembered with awe for trying to make rich Jordanians pay their taxes. In the last ten years he has served, intermittently, as a Jordanian diplomat all over the Middle East, and adversaries loudly claim that he fomented anti-government plots in Syria, Lebanon and Iraq.

Obviously trying to reduce resentment all around, the new Premier declared a moratorium on Jordan's anti-Nasser broadcasts, proclaimed a widespread political amnesty. He also ordered a probe of Jordanian officials suspected of corruption, promised to devote more care to the problems of the country's Palestinian population. All this pleased the unruly Palestinians, who saw other good omens: a

² Which last week was redder than usual after its Moscow correspondent reported a rumor that Khrushchev had been the target of an assassination attempt. After a Kremlin spokesman denounced the story as a "provocative lie," *L'Unità* tried to pin the rumor on Western newsmen. Khrushchev, meanwhile, was relaxing at his Black Sea villa near Sochi and joked with a visiting Brazilian diplomat about the reported attempt on his life.

heavy rainfall will mean good crops for 1962, and Wasi's appointment coincided with the birth of Hussein's first son, Prince Abdullah, borne him by his 20-year-old British wife Toni. In the rejoicing, most Jordanians were prepared to forget that this was the first Hashemite of mixed descent in 38 generations.

Discreetly observing the new government with crossed fingers, U.S. and British diplomats called it "a tremendous improvement," hoped that Jordan's brave efforts would last more than just a season. But last week also brought a reminder that Jordan's New Frontier is still troubled by old frontiers and old hates. While Wasi Tal's new government started work, a harmless British eccentric, 56-year-old Ann Lasbury, on a visit to the Holy Land, tried to plant a "Repent" banner on the top of Mount Zion, which straddles the Israel-Jordan border. Fearing a dawn Israeli attack, a Jordanian sentry shot her through the head.

CONGO

Dick the Lionheart

"How about it, chaps—shall we try flying in?" With this impeccably cool remark, addressed to two Swedish U.N. pilots in the Congo, Major Richard Lawson made his debut as a British hero. As a backdrop for heroism, the U.N. of U. Thant is not an entirely satisfactory substitute for the empire of Victoria, but the British press, starved for tales of British valor in distant places, splashed Lawson of Leopoldville all over the front pages. Henceforth, trumpeted the *Daily Express*, he would be "known to the world as Dick the Lionheart."

Standing 5 ft. 5 in. in his jungle boots, Lawson, 37, is a fair-haired, gentle-voiced graduate of Sandhurst. Recently he was temporarily transferred from the First Royal Tank Regiment serving in West Germany to the Nigerian army (trained by British officers). In December he volunteered for a three-month tour of duty with U.N. forces in the Congo. No sooner did Lawson arrive than his legend began to sprout.

Lonely & Scared. It started when a U.N. patrol was captured by troops of Albert Kalonji, self-styled "King" of diamond-rich South Kasai province, who had tried to pull a small-scale Tshombe and break away from the central Congolese government. Lawson set out for Kalonji's provincial capital of Bakwanga in an unarmed truck. Something about Lawson's schoolboy French and unilitary looks charmed the provincial rabble, who released the U.N. patrol.

Last month, when news reached Leopoldville that 19 Roman Catholic missionaries had been massacred at Kongolo in northern Katanga by mutinying Congolese troops, Lawson volunteered to fly to the terror-stricken town to rescue one missionary who reportedly had survived. Lawson's two Swedish pilots landed their Beaver plane at Kongolo's torn-up airfield, and Lawson threw himself out the door to avoid fire from snipers. "I was very lonely

and very scared," he said. "I picked up my stick and strolled on."

Immediately, 800 rebellious Congolese appeared from the bush, aimed their rifles at the intruder. "Since I was outnumbered," he recalled, "there was only one thing to do—advance." But when one of the mob jabbed an arrow in his back ("Quite low on my back, actually"), Lawson wheeled around, punched the assailant in the nose. For some reason, this started the other Congolese roaring with laughter, and before long Lawson and Father Jules Darmant of Belgium, sole survivor of the mass murder, were flying back to Leopoldville.

Correct Calm. Two days later, Lawson was back in Kongolo looking for more priests to rescue. He was captured and



HERO LAWSON

When outnumbered, advance.

beaten with fists and rifle butts by angry troops. Finally, Katangese officers took charge, and to satisfy a howling mob that demanded a public execution, the officers beat him up again until the crowd was content and went home. The officers then apologized to Lawson, who proceeded to round up three more priests before flying back to U.N. headquarters in Luluabourg. There the rescuer discovered that four other priests and three nuns in the area were menaced by soldiers, evacuated them in two more plane trips.

Reading all about it back home in St. Albans, Hertfordshire, Lawson's widowed mother received the news of his adventures with all the correct British calm: "He was just doing his job," she said. Reminiscing for reporters, she recalled how, even on leave, he was never parted from his swagger stick: "Such an ordinary stick, too, but it meant a lot to him." One of Lawson's previous commanders, a former Governor General of the Sudan, Sir Knox Helm, slightly relaxed the stiff upper lip. He said: "Lawson was a very bright little feller."

INDONESIA

How to Offend Everybody

The U.S., a nervous fence-sitter in the Dutch-Indonesian dispute over Netherlands New Guinea, last week found its perch painfully uncomfortable. By trying to avoid offending anybody, it offended everybody.

The U.S. troubles began with a quiet Dutch trooplift to West New Guinea aboard KLM commercial flights. As long as the soldiers wore civvies, carried no arms and traveled aboard regularly scheduled commercial airlines—as they had done for months—nobody complained. But fortnight ago the Dutch decided to step up the airlift by chartering two special flights, and Japan promptly closed Tokyo International Airport to the jets for refueling. Forced to find an alternate route, the Dutch won U.S. permission to refuel at Anchorage, Honolulu and Wake Island.

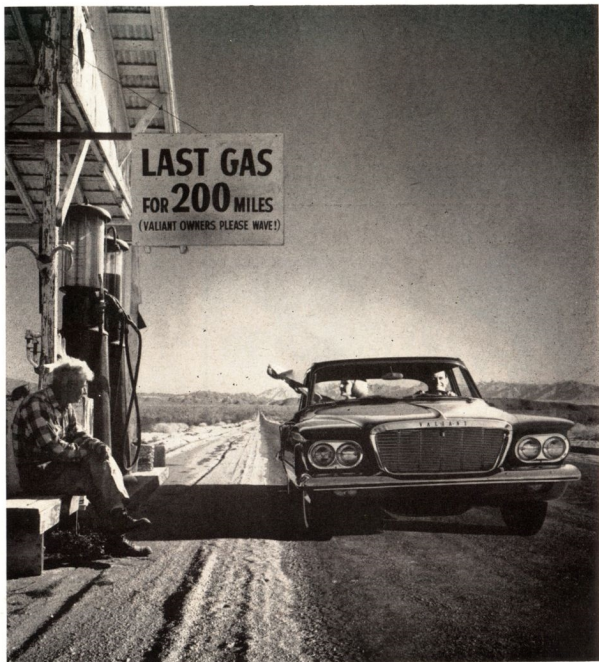
In Djakarta, newspapers promptly blazoned stories of the U.S. role in the Dutch trooplift, and 100 students, right on cue, went into a shopworn routine. Toting bamboo spears, rocks and anti-American posters, they reduced the glass facade of the U.S. embassy to a saw-toothed shambles, smashed eight embassy autos, stamped a U.S. flag into the gutter and injured an American woman. Ambassador Howard Palfrey Jones lodged a formal protest and demanded \$5,000 in damages. In return, he got a mild expression of regret and a gratuitous lecture from Foreign Minister Subandrio to the effect that "the anger and the irritation of the Indonesian people" were perfectly understandable.

As if to underline his contempt for U.S. public opinion, President Sukarno then sent his air force chief of staff to Moscow. There he urgently requested speedier delivery of Soviet jet planes, subs and a battle cruiser so he could get on with the "liberation" of West New Guinea.

Ironically, the U.S. had withdrawn its landing permission to the Dutch planes before the riot began. In a clumsy display of indecision, the State Department reversed its earlier stand—in the "interests of a peaceful solution" of the Dutch-Indonesian dispute, and possibly in the interests of Attorney General Robert Kennedy, who was scheduled to visit Indonesia during his good-will tour (see THE NATION). While news of State's reversal came too late to prevent the Indonesian tantrum, it was in plenty of time to infuriate the Dutch. "I don't understand this," fumed Prime Minister Jan de Quay. Said Amsterdam's *Algemeen Handelsblad*: "Another illusion went up in smoke. Reality is facing us more and more clearly. The fairy tale of American good will toward The Netherlands' standpoint cannot be sold any more, not even to the most gullible soul."

The baffled Dutch had a point. They may have chosen a bad moment for their trooplift, but this scarcely justified Washington's hasty retreat to appease Sukarno.

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Valiant

THE HEMISPHERE

THE AMERICAS

Explanations at Home

Until the last hour, the U.S. had hoped to win Argentina and Brazil to its side against Castro, but Latin America's two biggest nations would not come around at Punta del Este. Last week in their home bailiwicks, Brazil's and Argentina's leaders had some explaining to do. In Brazil, Foreign Minister San Thiago Dantas went before an angry Parliament to explain his stand. Skillfully dividing and goading the Deputies into ineffectual quarreling, he escaped uncensured. In Argentina, President

tained a two-thirds vote and is causing repercussions in inter-American policies, diplomatic relations with the government of Cuba are today broken."

Unofficially, Washington was "pleased and happy" at the break; there was hope—overhopeful—talk of similar break-offs by the six remaining Latin nations that still have embassies in Havana. Castro had already made his reaction clear enough on the subject by assembling 1,000,000 (by Cuban count) people in Havana's Plaza de la Revolución. Cried Castro: "The OAS was unmasked for what it is—Yankee Ministry of Colonies and a

COSTA RICA

A Score for Pepe

Most Costa Ricans regard their country as a model of peacefully prosperous democracy nestled in the midst of Central America's turbulent belt of banana republics. And, mostly, they are right. The government has a reputation for honesty, the coffee-based economy is in relatively good shape, and there are ten times as many schoolteachers as members of the 1,200-man Civil Guard, the republic's only armed force. But Costa Rica has known sieges of political fury. In the past few months, as the country prepared to choose a successor for President Mario Echandi, there were growing fears of another civil war like the one that cost 1,300 lives in 1948.

At that time, Otilio Ulate, a conservative newspaper publisher, was a clear winner in the presidential elections. In second place was Rafael Angel Calderón Guardia, an ex-President (1940-44) who still controlled the lame-duck Congress and got the election overturned as "fraudulent." Not until Ulate's campaign manager, a fiery, reform-minded planter named José ("Pepe") Figueres, rose in revolt and won a bloody, five-week civil war was Ulate able to take office. Figueres was elected President in his own right in 1953, went on to become the nation's most prominent political figure as head of the National Liberation Party, the biggest group in Congress. He also became a charter member in the hemisphere club of leaders of the pro-U.S. non-Communist left.

Last week, as a record 375,000 voters went to the polls, it seemed like 1948 all over again. Unable to run himself (by law, two full terms must elapse before a President can succeed himself), Figueres and his National Liberation Party put up Francisco J. Orlich, 54, a well-to-do farmer and former boss of Figueres' public-works program. Main opposition: Old Enemy Calderón Guardia, now 61, and the Republican Party, which Figueres claimed was getting both money and arms from Communist Cuba. "We are armed, too," said Figueres, promising a fight if Calderón Guardia tried any election-day funny business. Citing Calderón Guardia's Communist connections, Figueres' partisans went even further: "No matter what happens, Calderón Guardia will not be the next President."

When the votes were counted, there was nothing to fight about. Winner by a majority big enough to convince everyone: Figueres' man, Orlich, with more than 50% of the total vote, and 30 of the 57 seats in the new Congress. Calderón Guardia's party won only 10 seats; 8 others went to a third party that will probably line up with the winners. It was a smashing defeat for Calderón Guardia, and a powerful boost for ambitious Pepe's chances of being re-elected President himself in four years.



THE MISFIT

Arturo Frondizi, who had also balked at voting Castro out of the hemisphere, ran into an ultimatum from his country's powerful and conservative military men. In the end he was forced to make Argentina the 14th hemisphere nation to break diplomatic relations with Cuba.

Giving In. He made his reluctance plain. Though Argentina's President personally abhors both Communism and Castro (whose Foreign Minister once called Frondizi a "viscous blob of human excrescences"), he finds it politically expedient, both at home and abroad, to play the neutral. Maneuvering for time, he went before the nation to make an angry speech defending Argentina's—and his own—independence in world affairs. If Frondizi expected an outburst of public support, he did not get it. When the military men backed up their ultimatum by boycotting a presidential state dinner for Belgium's visiting ex-King Leopold, Frondizi bowed to the inevitable. The announcement made no bones about the reason: "Considering the resolutions voted [at Punta del Este], especially the sixth,⁹ which ob-

military bloc against the peoples of Latin America."

Cutting the Ties. And at the U.N., two of Castro's Communist friends, Rumania and Czechoslovakia, offered a resolution appealing for an end to U.S. "interference in the internal affairs" of Cuba. "Uncle Sam," cried the Cuban delegate, "took his trip to Punta del Este carrying a bag of gold in one hand and a bloody dagger in the other." Apparently, the Reds hoped to draw anti-U.S. support from the Afro-Asian bloc. But the Afro-Asians seemed to regard it all as an inter-American quarrel. Brazil, speaking as a member of the so-called "soft six" at Punta del Este, told the U.N. that Cuban membership in the OAS was a family affair that the OAS was capable of handling by itself.

The heart of the Brazilian argument for condemning but not expelling Castro was legalistic but not uninteresting. The OAS is intrinsically a league of governments committed to representative democracy, said the Brazilian delegate, and "any American state voluntarily departing from such a system breaks its ties of solidarity with the other American states." In other words, having volunteered out, Cuba did not have to be kicked out.

⁹ Which declared Castro outside the Organization of American States.

PEOPLE

With the retirement of the bond issue that originally floated the 23-year-old Blue Water International Bridge between Port Huron, Mich., and Sarnia, Ontario, Michigan's Democratic Governor **John B. Swainson**, 36, stoically took the only appropriate action. By executive decree, he ended the two-bit toll on the bridge—and with it the \$6,115-a-year toll-collector's job held since 1957 by John A. C. Swainson, 57, his father.

Seven years after Reno Hotel Operator Charles Mapes Jr., 41, first bought it for her, **Bobo Rockefeller** (born Jievute Paulekiute), 45, was finally wearing his engagement ring. Though candid about her third husband-to-be ("I'll tell you what he's like: he's a *man*, and that's a rare thing to find these days"), the coal miner's daughter, whose 1954 divorce from Winthrop Rockefeller brought her a \$6,400,000 settlement, was coy about her wedding date. "I hope," she cooed, "we don't take as long to get married as we did to decide to do it."

After 30 years of displeasure at the doings of latter-day Democratic Presidents, Columnist **David Lawrence**, a self-proclaimed Wilsonian Democrat, warmed slightly toward John F. Kennedy. Reason for the thaw: at Lawrence's suggestion, Red Cross President Alfred Gruenther retrieved from a Red Cross attic a chrome-plated Hammond portable typewriter on which Self-Taught Typist Wilson personally pecked out many of his most important presidential memos and messages, including the original draft of his famed "Fourteen Points" for ending World War I. No typist himself, J.F.K. gracefully accepted the machine for the growing White House display of memorabilia, invited Lawrence to the ceremony.

In his first swing into the Western Hemisphere since he became Premier of the Congo, **Cyrille Adoula**, 38, delighted a White House luncheon party by toasting the U.S. for "having scored a bull's

eye" with its Congo policy, scored a bull's eye himself by his tactful management of a potentially explosive meeting with Belgian Foreign Minister Paul-Henri Spaak, who came away proclaiming his "pleasure" over the encounter. Similarly impressed by the touring chief of government: New York's **Francis Cardinal Spellman**, who presented the Catholic-educated Adoula with a pair of cuff links bearing the Cardinal's coat of arms.

Seemingly headed for an off-screen Oscar for her supporting role in a deep-water drama was **Jayne Mansfield**, 28. Water-skiing from a chartered outboard off Nassau, the busty cinemorsel, her musclemans husband **Mickey** ("Mr. Universe of 1956") **Hargitay** and a friendly



MANSFIELD & HARGITAY
An off-screen Oscar.

publicist suddenly turned up missing—a calamity that evoked outside headlines all across the U.S. plus a massive, Coast Guard-led search. Rescued after a night on a lonely islet, the castaways explained that Jayne had frenziedly overturned their boat after the party spotted sharks (in waters in which the Nassau Yacht Club hadn't seen any in years). When local officials had the temerity to question their story, the teary-eyed former Mr. Universe fumed: "I am very hurt. Jaynie doesn't need publicity. It's a miracle this girl is living today."

The war of innuendo between West German Chancellor **Konrad Adenauer** and his perennial heir apparent, Vice Chancellor and Economics Minister **Ludwig Erhard**, raged on. Five weeks after Erhard marked Adenauer's 86th birthday with the gift of a stone bench (which he carefully specified was not intended for use in re-



ADENAUER & ERHARD
An out innuendo.

tirement). Adenauer paid his second visit to the Economics Ministry in twelve years to give Erhard a pair of thoughtfully chosen 65th birthday gifts: a recorded selection of Adenauer speeches and a baroque desk clock, which promptly rang the hour, leading Cabinet jesters to wonder for whom it tolled. But final blood went to Erhard supporters in the inter-ministerial glee club which serenaded Adenauer's departure with a chorus from *The Flying Dutchman*: "Steersman, leave the watch!"

His hackles raised by a critic's description of him as "the thinking man's Mickey Spillane," British Mystery Writer **Ian Fleming**, 53, snifed to a New York *Herald Tribune* reporter: "I can't remember any piece of knowledge that Spillane has given me; you've got to be well educated to write good thrillers. I was expensively educated^o and I'm proud of my factual knowledge." It was true, conceded Fleming, that his good friend Allen Dulles had "tried out two or three of the technical gimmicks in my books in the laboratories of the CIA, and they didn't work." But this, insisted the man who is reputed to be John F. Kennedy's favorite mystery author, was merely "a strong indictment of the CIA."

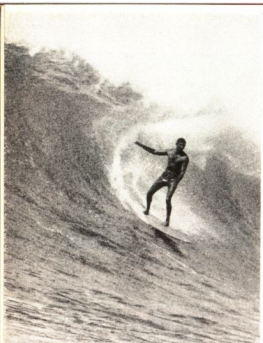
Reverting to her pre-Pulitzer past, when she came within a semester of a law degree, Novelist **Harper** (*To Kill a Mockingbird*) **Lee**, 35, cast herself in the unlikely role of occasional legal adviser and researcher for **Truman Capote**, a longtime friend from Scouting days in Monroeville, Ala. After accompanying the aging (37) boy author on a fact-finding and mood-gathering trip to Garden City, Kans.—the scene of the Clutter murder case (*TIME*, Nov. 30, 1959), on which Capote's next book will be based—Miss Lee packed her childhood pal back off to his Swiss writing retreat, having certified his first 200 longhand pages as "magnificent."

o At Eton, Sandhurst, and the Universities of Munich and Geneva, Spillane's alma mater; Fort Hays Kansas State College.



ADOULA & SPELLMAN
A bull's eye.

SPORT



DON JAMES

SURFER DOWNING
Some say it's better than sex.

That Wall of Water

For the potbellied tourist who paddles happily through Waikiki's gentle swells, surfboard riding is a nice way to get a sunburn. For the acrobatic daredevils who test their skills in Makaha's "big surf," 40 miles to the west, the sport is a defiant duel with nature. There, angry waves are powerful enough to snap an arm or a leg, and a careless surfer who gets caught in the breakers may be buried in tons of crashing water, swallowed in the undertow, or dashed against a razor-sharp coral reef. Still, Makaha is the Mecca of the skillful surfer, and 275 of them made their annual pilgrimage to its rumbling breakers for last week's International Surfing Championships. Even the hot-dog vendors paused to watch as 14-ft. waves raced toward the shore at 35 m.p.h., lonely figures

balanced boldly on their foaming crests.

For each wave rider, the thrills were different. Some, like Conrad Canha, 29, an unemployed dairy worker from Honolulu, came primarily for the nightlong pre-meet beach parties. "Surfing to me means more parties and good times," said Canha. "A lot of us learned to do the twist the night before the meet. We drink, we have a big party, and tomorrow we surf. The water revives you." Others, like Ernest ("Mud") Werner, 30, lived only for the competition: "When you crack through a tunnel, beat it across the face of a wave, and come out the other side—why, man, it's a great thrill. You feel five or six emotions all at once. It's better than sex. You own the world."

Most serious of the competitors was the eventual winner—thin-faced George Downing, 31, who managed to combine the longest rides with the finest form. "Surfing in big waves is like mountain climbing or bullfighting," said Downing. "You're exposed to elements you know nothing about—reef conditions, bottom conditions, currents, undertow." A professional water sports instructor, muscular George Downing has been battling the big surf since he was eleven. For Downing, as for Canha and Werner, the thrills outweigh the risks. "You go through the sensation of being scared," he explained. "That's because you have respect for something you know is much stronger than you. But then the moment of truth comes. You start the descent, you take the drop. It's breathtaking. There's just you, and that wall of water."

On to 17 Feet

When he turns out in uniform of the day for his regular chores, Corporal John Uelses (pronounced *Yale-cess*), U.S.M.C., is a run-of-the-regiment marine. When he strips to his skivvies and turns out for a track meet, the dark, handsome, Berlin-

born pole vaulter is the pride of the corps. Last month in Washington, he hoisted himself 15 ft. 10½ in. and broke Don Bragg's world indoor record. Fortnight ago in Manhattan, he became the first pole vaulter in history to clear 16 ft. (Time, Feb. 9). Last week Uelses issued an open challenge: "I'll compete anywhere, anytime, against anyone. All I want is an invitation."

Lively Zip Gun. Pole Vaulter Uelses, 24, was a virtual unknown—he had never cleared 15 ft.—when he showed up for last year's big winter meets. This year he is being courted by colleges (he gets out of the Marines next month), pursued by promoters, haunted by autograph hounds. His fan mail runs to 300 letters a week. When he holds a press conference, his commanding general personally issues the invitations. But Uelses is a controversial champion. "I'm antagonistic as hell," snorted ex-Record Holder Bragg last week. "Uelses isn't a great vaulter. All he did was perfect a gimmick." Bragg's complaint: Uelses uses a feather-light (5 lbs.), flexible fiber-glass pole that—says Bragg—acts like a slingshot, catapulting the vaulter to heights he could not otherwise reach. (Countered Uelses: "Let Bragg do the talking. I'll do the vaulting.") An official of the International Amateur Athletic Federation darkly hinted that world records set with fiber-glass poles might be disallowed. Sportswriters compared vaulting's "lively pole" to baseball's "lively ball." Asked Columnist Arthur Daley of the *New York Times*: "Is it cricket?" The *World-Telegram* and *Sun's* Joe Williams had an ambiguous answer: "The fiber-glass pole is as legitimate as a zip gun in a rumble."

Fact is that tastes in vaulting poles are as changeable as Paris fashions: rules permit them to be made of anything at all, and, at one time or another, vaulters have experimented with ash, hickory, bamboo,



VAULTER UELSES BREAKING WORLD RECORD
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TIME The Weekly Newsmagazine

steel and aluminum as well as fiber glass. Bob Mathias used a fiber-glass pole to win the Olympic decathlon back in 1952; Greek Pole Vaulter George Roubanis used one when he took a bronze medal at Melbourne in 1956. But the fiber-glass pole is no guarantee of success: all but a handful of the U.S.'s top 20 vaulters now use it, and only Uelses has managed 16 ft. Even complainer Bragg tried a fiber-glass pole; unable to master it, he went back to aluminum. Says Oldtimer Cornelius Warmerdam, 46, whose indoor record of 15 ft. 8½ in. (set in 1943 with a heavily taped bamboo pole) stood for 16 years: "Some vaulters get as much bend out of steel poles as they do with fiber-glass. The only difference is timing."

Outthinking the Bar. So far this season, Uelses' timing has been flawless. "It was a dream vault," recalls the University of Maryland's vaulting coach, George Butler, who watched Uelses smash Bragg's record in Washington. "The only perfect leap I ever saw. I'm sure he would have made it if the bar was at 16 ft. 4 in.—with a metal pole or any other kind." Rangy (6 ft. 1 in., 172 lbs.) and well-knit, Uelses runs the 100-yd. dash in 9.7 sec., needs only an abbreviated, 104-ft. approach (standard: 130-140 ft.) to reach top speed. He gets so much lift that he needs only a cut-down, 14-ft. 11-in. pole to propel his body across a 16-ft.-high bar. Aloft he is unusually graceful, clearing the crossbar with his feet tucked closely together, stomach sucked in, arms flung high over his head. Uelses never rests between vaults. He paces back and forth, stares up at the crossbar, ties up the runway with a broom. "Mental attitude is the main thing," he says. "You can't let the bar beat you; you have to visualize yourself going over. It's a mental fight you have to win."

Son of a German soldier named Feigenbaum who was killed during World War II, Uelses came to the U.S. in 1949, moved in with a great-unt in Miami and took his aunt's name. In high school he ran hurdles, vaulted and played football, won a track scholarship to the University of Alabama. Unhappy at Alabama ("Bear Bryant had just come, and all they thought about was football"), he quit in his sophomore year and joined the Marines. Assigned to Marine Corps Schools in Quantico, Va., Uelses began training in earnest, determined to break the elusive 16-ft. barrier. He worked each day with weights to strengthen his arm, shoulder and back muscles; each night he drove 50 miles to practice vaulting in the University of Maryland's indoor pit. "I never really had a coach," he says. "I just picked up little technical things by watching other vaulters. I tried everything. What felt good and natural, I kept." By last summer Uelses' dedication began to pay off: he cleared 15 ft. 4½ in. in the U.S.-Russian meet in Moscow. Last week, with 16 ft. safely behind him, John Uelses already had set himself a new goal: 17 ft. "For three years," he said, "I've been building the foundation. Now I'm living in the house."



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Long before and centuries after the galleys of Venice set sail, men saw the scallop as the symbol of the voyage—and the badge of those going forth on a quest.

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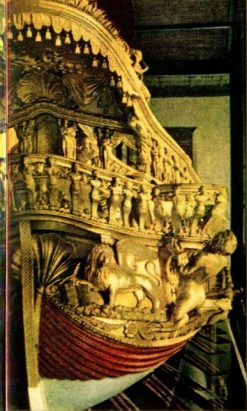
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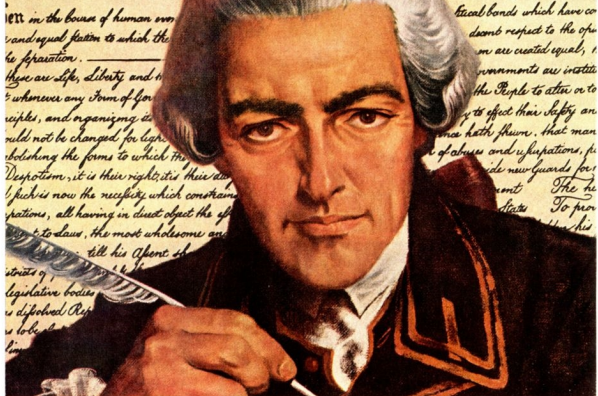
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But you open the book of our fight for independence, and there he is on every page. You come to the part about the Boston Tea Party, and he's right in the thick of it. Paul Revere's Ride? That's to warn Hancock and his friend Sam Adams that the British are marching to Lexington. The Declaration of

Independence? It's his own death warrant if he signs it. But he puts his name down, big and bold.

Then you think about it for a while and it makes good sense. You know what grips a man when he first gets a whiff of the fresh, clean air of independence. After that he can't live with the stale smell of tyranny in his nostrils.

So you know why John Hancock wanted to change things. You understand because you've grown up in the same fresh air of independence, and it's made you the same kind of man.



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HOLLYWOOD

Springtime for Henry

When Henry Fonda's children were children, they lived on Tigertail Road in Brentwood, Calif., on something that young Jane Fonda now describes as a farm. This is like claiming to have been brought up on a ranch on Park Avenue. But as Jane remembers it, Pa Fonda used to stomp around the property in sideburns or a beard, achinin' with the other farmers—John Ford, Jimmy Stewart, John Wayne and so on. All the while, the kids was forever play-actin', pretendin' they was Buck the Buffalo Herder, or Sheena, Queen of the Jungle. "Sometimes we did improvisations with our governesses," recalls young Peter Fonda. "We lived pretty much the same life my father lived on the screen," says Jane. "It was all a big act."

The act is bigger than ever. Jane, at 24, is emerging as a movie star in her own right. She plays a vagrant turned prostitute in *Walk on the Wild Side*. She has completed *The Chapman Report* and will begin *Period of Adjustment* next month; she has already won critical praise for her performances in two Broadway plays.

Peter, 22 next week, scored even higher on Broadway when he opened this season in *Blood, Sweat and Stanley Poole*. The play was forgettable, but Peter—as a bright, engaging, neurotic soldier—was not. Warner Bros. is testing him for the part of John F. Kennedy in *PT 109*, and Producer Ross Hunter has signed him to a seven year contract. Their father is 56 and still busier than either of his offspring. Three more Henry Fonda films will soon be released (*Advise and Consent*, *The Longest Day*, *How the West Was Won*), and next week he opens on Broadway as the dying hero in *A Gift of Time*.

Sibling rivalry. Peter and Jane Fonda are both bright and unashamedly intense. Both can be disarmingly frank. "I'm not talking to him," Jane once said. "I don't know where he is, and I don't care." "Sibling rivalry," says Peter, looking over his reviews. "Jane is sure mad at me." Both are good-looking and look remarkably like Henry Fonda. "It's much harder on Peter because he's a man," says Jane. "He looks like my father, and his voice is like my father's. When he gets insecure, he acts like him."

Their mother, who was Henry Fonda's second wife (he has had four), took her own life during a mental illness in 1950. The children were processed through a series of New York and New England schools. Jane went to Emma Willard School in Troy, N.Y. ("It was ghastly—all girls, and that's unhealthy"), then on to Vassar. A sophisticated delinquent, she was one Vassar girl who never bought a bicycle, preferring to steal them instead. Unprepared for an exam, she filled her blue book with drawings and handed it in. The college refused to flunk her, gave her a makeup exam instead. After two years she went off to Paris, where she

studied French and learned beaux' arts.

Old Family Friend Joshua Logan cast her in her first movie, *Tall Story*, and also in her first Broadway play, *There Was a Little Girl*. The first reviews made her an actress forever. "The Boston critics said I was fragile," she remembers. "I'm strong as an ox. They said I was coltish, febrile, virginal, translucent—me! I realized I had created something that moved an audience."

The Wampus. "I'm not so worried about Jane," says proud Henry Fonda. "but what about Peter? The day will probably come when he'll be stealing roles



JANE, PETER & HENRY FONDA
The act is bigger than ever.

away from me." Peter's stage experience began in early boarding school days when he wrote, produced and performed in a play called *Stalag 17½*. In prep school (Connecticut's Westminster), he organized a sort of Young Vic called the Wampus Players. "A wampus," by his definition, "is a mythical cat, very large like a dragon, and he doesn't do anything but eat fair maidens." But despite all this extracurricular promise, he was miserable at Westminster. "When you are the son of a famous father," he points out, "there is a great deal of resentment. I think I was resented by everyone."

Before finishing his junior year, he quit Westminster, took special exams and got himself admitted to the Municipal University of Omaha. Things were rough there, too, in his father's home town; "There was a certain crowd always jeering at me." But he did form a permanent, hoops-of-steel friendship with a student named Stormy McDonald, son of the late president of the Zenith Radio Corp. "He became my brother," says Peter. "He gave me my philosophy: above all else, be true to yourself. Everybody who's been in contact with me knows Stormy." In 1960 he

left without graduating and returned to

stock in upstate New York.

Beers & Drags. Last fall, the favorable reviews for his performance in *Blood, Sweat and Stanley Poole* gave him confidence. Three days later he got married. "Now I can stand on my own two feet," he says. "and disperse anybody who comes up to me and says, 'You are here because of who you are and not because of your talent.'" He also dispenses a shower of eccentricities. He makes his own breakfast, tossing two bananas, three eggs, half a pint of milk and some Bosco into a Waring Blender. He flies kites. He wears cowboy boots with his tuxedo. He drives a silver 390-h.p. Facel-Vega sports car. "I've had beers in every kind of bar in

this country," he draws, "and I've raced with every kind of hood on the road."

Lee Strasberg once asked him who his favorite actor was. "I hesitated," Peter remembers, "and said, 'A cross between Laurence Olivier and Lee J. Cobb.' If he asked me that today, I'd say my father. I think my father is the best actor I've ever seen."

TELEVISION

The Lifted Eyebrow

As the FCC completed its investigation of network programming last week, it heard from the American Broadcasting Co., which followed CBS and NBC like a bat boy tagging after Maris and Mantle. ABC's president, Oliver Treyz, complained that ABC would display more quality if so many cities were not set up for two channels only, cutting ABC out of markets and profits. Thus Treyz came out strongly for Newton Minow's plan to open up the U.S. television spectrum with new Ultra High Frequency channels.

Judgments & Responsibility. ABC's best witness was James Hagerly, Eisenhower's longtime press secretary, who was



Off to the moon

Back in 1921 Budd built the first all-steel auto body and sent it hurtling down a hill to test its strength. This primitive, almost comical, research was the start of what was to become our long journey into the space age, a trip that leads now into new areas of metallurgy, plastics and electronics. Along the way, we've discovered new techniques for testing metals . . . advanced methods of handling radioisotopes . . . special plastics for space

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ABC'S TREYZ
More channels.

hired by ABC to overhaul its news service, Hagerty told how "from scratch" he had built "a vital major news operation" in one year, increasing the New York staff by 50%, more than doubling the network's Washington news bureau, and increasing news-programming time by 37%. Hagerty was both impressive and—toward his new colleagues—a bit snobbish. He seemed almost eager to disassociate himself from them.

Small wonder. Much of the talk was about ABC executives' memos on scripts for *The Untouchables* ("We are killing too many people per episode"; "Not as much action as some, but sufficient to keep the average bloodthirsty viewer fairly happy"). Longest wrangle was over



HAGERTY
More quality.

the famous episode of *Bus Stop* that featured a nymphomaniac and a teen-age alcoholic murderer, which 25 of ABC's affiliated stations refused to show.

Minow: Now the Government isn't going to get into this and say "put this one on or take that one off," because our whole theory is that you are going to make the judgments. Right?

Treyz: That is right.

Minow: But you are going to have to make them, it seems to me, with some kind of responsibility.

Treyz: We agree.

That exchange probably summarized the result of the entire three years of FCC hearings. The FCC, troubled by internal dissensions and all but certain that Congress will not put real teeth into the commission's regulatory powers, will undoubtedly be forced to settle for what Commissioner Frederick Ford calls "regulation by the lifted eyebrow."

Help or Force. Sitting back in his office one afternoon last week, Chairman Minow looked back over the hearings and offered his own informal conclusions: "If I had to name the single most important thing to come out of these hearings," he said, "I'd say it is the recognition by the industry that you must have more television channels. They're either going to have more channels or they're going to have more regulation. The networks have all said that they want to please large audiences. There's got to be a way to have them go after smaller audiences."

Another Minow goal is to help—or force—the individual TV stations to assume responsibility for programming, as they are supposed to do now under the rules of FCC licensing, which require them to operate "in the public interest." But the stations blame the networks for the programs they provide, and the FCC's only recourse is the drastic one of withdrawing a station's license. Admitted Minow: "The present system is unrealistic. It just doesn't work." When individual stations reject public-affairs shows in favor of bottled sitcom pap (as they often do), Minow would at least have them required to "put their reasons for this on the public record."

Better Ratio. He would also like to do something about the influence of advertisers. "The networks are losing money on public-affairs shows," he pointed out. "There must be some mechanism for spreading advertising income around to allot some of it to public affairs."

"The trouble is, the industry doesn't think the public is very bright," said Minow. "I do think television has helped to raise the level of intelligence in America; but the network attitude toward programming for large audiences is wrong. How do you know what people would have watched if you had given them something better?"

Minow concluded gloomily: "In the entertainment area, I don't know what the Government can do except make the public stand up and protest against low-quality programs. If that's censorship, I'll eat it."

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The Cardinal Says No

Again last week, President Kennedy asked Congress to provide massive help for U.S. education. In a program much like last year's, he proposed to spend \$5.7 billion over five years for buildings, scholarships and raising teachers' salaries. Parts of the program are already going through: the House has passed a bill for college-classroom construction; the Senate has passed a similar bill that authorizes 212,500 scholarships as well (the two versions must now be compromised). What the President wants to add is aid for grade and high schools. He proposed spending \$2.1 billion over three years for building schools and raising teachers' salaries. "Our crucial needs at this level have intensified," said the President.

Roman Catholic Kennedy again omitted aid to parochial schools, the issue that killed last year's federal aid bill. Kennedy drew fast support from Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield, himself a Catholic. If aid to public schools is ignored, said Mansfield, "the nation will pay an enormous price in the years ahead." And though he favors aid to parochial schools, House Speaker John McCormack, also a Catholic, promised to "do everything possible to get the school bill out on the House floor."

But one more Roman Catholic had still to be heard from: New York's Francis Cardinal Spellman. He immediately called Kennedy's program "a dagger threatening our very existence." In a speech to 1,500 teaching nuns, brothers and lay teachers, Spellman said: "If the Federal Government should favor the public schools and put an additional tax on us, from which we would receive no benefit, then, my dear friends, it is the eventual end of our parochial schools."

The Administration reads the Supreme Court's interpretations of the First Amendment as flatly prohibiting aid to parochial schools. Kennedy said at his news conference last week that he will maintain this stand "unless there is a new judgment by the Supreme Court." But no legal test is now under way, so the issue will be fought out in Congress. As he did in a similar statement last year, Cardinal Spellman has signaled a rising Catholic pressure that can overwhelm the President's bill by adding Northern Catholic Democratic votes to basic Republican-Southern Democrat opposition.

Brief & Jarring

The purpose of the gathering at Columbia University last week was a groundbreaking ceremony for the 18-story William Black Medical Research Building. It is named after the alumnus ('20) whose cool \$5,000,000 gift in 1966 was the biggest ever received by Columbia from a living man. On hand was William Black himself, a self-styled "poor kid from Brooklyn," who parlayed a Times Square nut stand into the \$33.7 million-a-year Chock Full O'Nuts Corp. At such cere-



PHILANTHROPIST BLACK
If you're chock full o' money, give.

monies, the honored donor's speech is expected to contain a little modest reminiscence and some high-minded platitudes. What Black delivered instead was a brief, jarring indictment of "unessential" philanthropies. In two minutes flat, he denounced:

- Columbia's plan for a \$6,000,000 business-school building "that we don't need."
- Philanthropist Huntington Hartford's abuilding multimillion-dollar art museum on Manhattan's 58th Street "when there is one already—a practically new Museum of Modern Art on 53rd Street."
- Manhattan's new \$4,000,000 hospital for animals on the East River "when we don't have the facilities to take care of all human suffering."

Black's advice to the rich: "Give away the bulk of your money to worthwhile causes while you're still around. You will not only experience the joy of giving, but you may be doing your children and your wife a favor. For every Rockefeller or Kennedy who was not spoiled by great inherited wealth, you will find an aimless, unhappy man, an alcoholic, and even a suicide now and then. As for your wife, if you leave her more money than she needs, you are surely inviting a flock of hand-kissing experts."

Shakedown at Oakland

In a state of oratory, giant (26,000 students) Michigan State University, long known as an "ag and tech" institution, three years ago launched a rigorous liberal arts branch for "rebels with clear minds and uncowed consciences." With mixed hope and skepticism, U.S. educators have since watched the new college at Oakland, 60 miles east of M.S.U.'s main East Lansing campus. Can Oakland live up to its publicity?

Oakland began with a spacious, 2,000-

acre campus, a fat-free academic diet, and a spartan atmosphere of no dormitories, fraternities, sororities or organized athletics (TIME, Sept. 28, 1959). It had one major drawback: serving almost entirely as a commuter college in a low-income area, it was expected to demand Harvard-level performance from poorly prepared youngsters.

Intellectual Compact. All this got Oakland into trouble from the start. Students looking forward to the glamour of college complained that no-frills Oakland was "a very lonely place, like a concrete cell." It was even lonelier after the first quarter, when one grade out of every six was an F. Though the school magnanimously allowed flunkers to repeat courses—and hence got charged with junking its intellectual aims—nearly 400 of the original freshman class of 570 have dropped out. The few hard-working survivors on the vast campus endured everything from overblown rumors of faculty dissension to the news that the money-strapped Michigan state legislature had cut Oakland's budget to the bone.

Yet Oakland's basic idea still had vitality. With two new starting classes added to the remnants of the first, Oakland's enrollment has now grown to 1,017 and its young faculty (average age: 34) has risen from 25 to 54 members, 90% of them with Ph.D.s. Last fall the trimester system was adopted, allowing a scant seven weeks of vacation (v. 19 at most colleges) and permitting graduation in 2½ years. Last week Chancellor Durward Varner jauntily described his school as "a compact model which provides a rich intellectual experience."

Despite its average students, Oakland retains high standards. "We push the students just as hard as we dare," says Physics Professor William Hammerle, 34. Adds Economist Kenneth Rooser, who once taught at academically rugged Oberlin: "The students are not as capable as Oberlin's, but their performance is as good. They're more highly motivated."

No Place to Play. Course requirements are rugged. Of 32 courses needed for graduation, 17 are required subjects—from art, music and literature to government and foreign languages (Russian, Chinese, Spanish or French). Under a new "little-college" program, 20-odd students meet eight hours a week with two professors to discuss Western institutions and literature, from Plato to Faulkner. Though it still owns only 25,000 books, Oakland has just opened a new \$1,500,000 library with space for 750,000 volumes. In hopes of boosting out-of-state enrollment to 25%, the school has built four new dormitories.

In three years, Oakland aims to have 2,500 students, can accommodate them without adding a brick to its \$8,000,000 plant. Originally, the target was 10,000 students by 1970. Now the school plays down such ambitions. Bigness, says Varner, "is not one of our objectives." Excellence is, despite Oakland's shakedown troubles. "You don't come here to play," sighs one junior, Adds Susan Bierstein, editor of the student newspaper: "I wouldn't be anywhere else."

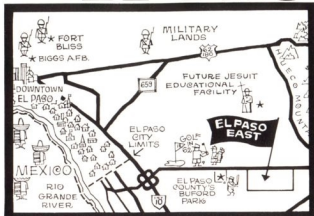
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Every single day, more and more families are moving to the Southwest where sunshine day after day, fresh, invigorated air and vigorous economic expansion are creating a new 20th century dream! This is your opportunity to buy land in this booming area for your retirement or vacation home or to hold for investment.

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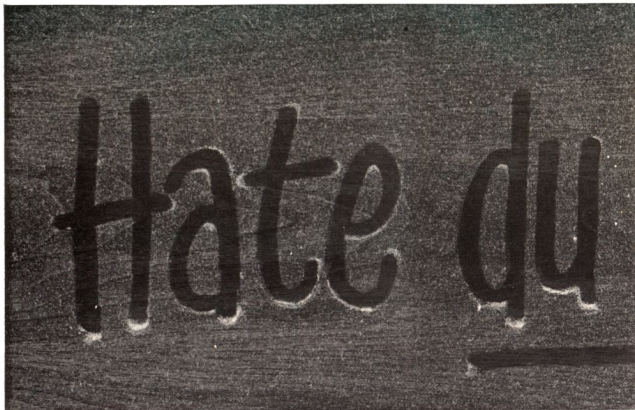
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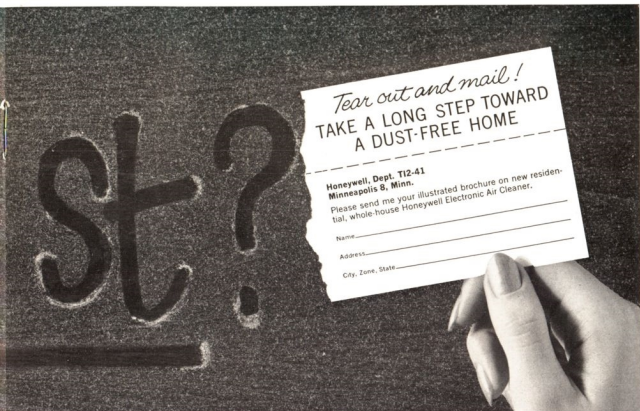
You'll probably find the Honeywell Electronic Air Cleaner pays for itself in what you save on cleaning and decorating, too.

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This handsome control panel in your living area is the new sign of a modern home. It shows your Honeywell Electronic Air Cleaner is working at peak efficiency... signals you whenever the unit needs cleaning.



With a forced air heating or cooling system, it is easily installed in duct work of either new or existing homes, with little interruption of the heating or cooling. It is backed by Honeywell, home comfort leaders for over 76 years.



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THE PRESS

Enter the Observer

On newstands, the new Sunday paper had a clean, uncluttered look (six columns to the page instead of the customary eight), and it was certainly easy to carry home (8 oz. v. the 4 lb. 2 oz. of the New York Times). The pictures were played for dramatic effect: a blast-off shot of Saturn, the U.S.'s largest rocket, soared majestically the length of the page; a glowing portrait of Brigadier General William B. Rosson, the U.S. Army's guerrilla warfare expert, was brutally cropped to eliminate part of the general's brow, all of his hair and his left ear. Even the paper on which the newcomer was printed seemed whiter by several degrees than ordinary oyster-grey newsprint—as indeed it was. Thus last week, after a five-month gestation, was born the *National Observer*, the U.S.'s first serious try at a national newspaper.

Although billed as a Sunday paper, the *Observer* bore little resemblance to the laminated bundle of news, features, supplements and comics that characterize the rest of the Sunday press. Vol. I, No. 1 of the *Observer* was a single section of 32 pages—half of it ads. Of six Page One stories, four datelessly treated trends or events long since dissected by other newspapers, e.g., a lengthy article on police corruption that reprised a Chicago police department scandal (1960) and a similar dustup in Denver.

No Detectable Plan. Inside, the *Observer* scattered, according to no detectable pattern, a clutch of articles, feature stories, puzzles, pictures, cartoons, weather maps and poetry (including all 60 lines of John Greenleaf Whittier's *Barbara Frietchie*). Two stories on Pope John XXIII ran on separate pages (4 and 26); an obituary on Violinist Fritz Kreisler appeared on page 8, an obituary on French Artist André Lhote on page 15. Readers anxious to discover how the new paper would deal with U.S. culture were soon disillusioned: the *Observer* begged the question. Theater and book reviews were shot through with a rebash of newspaper and magazine critics, a technique reminiscent of the defunct *Literary Digest*.

Among the feature pieces, one quoted an educational consultant's discovery that some Midwest grade school students cannot spell. Another story speculated for *Observer* readers on what it would be like if Algerian-style *plastiques* were loose in New York: "On any given Saturday night in Times Square a car would pull up to the curb and spray machinegun bullets into the crowds. . . . A bomb would be thrown into New York's Carnegie Hall. . . . Taxi drivers, bus drivers and mailmen would be killed in every section of the city. Crowded Harlem tenements would be blown up on an average of one a month."

Wherever a column of print fell short of page length, the *Observer* dropped in an item whose only visible purpose was

to reach the bottom of the page. Sample: "John E. Roberts, editor of *Charity and Children*, was elected president of the Baptist Public Relations Association last week."

Prenatal Enthusiasm. By no accident, the *Observer* was at its journalistic best in a brisk fact-filled summary, taking up about half a page, of business trends. Its dotting and wealthy parent is Dow Jones & Co.'s *Wall Street Journal* (circ. 821,401). On the strength of its own success, and with a national news organization ready at hand, the *Journal* last summer decided to publish a national newspaper whose read-

worth of accounts anxious to get in on the debut.

In charge of the editorial operation are Editor William Giles, 34, a longtime (eleven years) *Journal* hand whose last job was as a reporter in the *Journal's* Washington bureau, and Managing Editor Don Carter, 44. Giles presides in the *Observer's* Washington headquarters over an editorial staff of 29, many of them rewrite men. Until the paper has mustered a reportorial staff of its own, it will rely largely on contributions from some 40 part-time U.S. correspondents and from freelance reporters, does not intend to tap the parent *Journal's* extensive editorial resources except in emergencies.

Reaction to the *Observer's* first issue



EDITORS GILES & CARTER WITH FIRST ISSUE OF "NATIONAL OBSERVER"

It was easy to carry home.

ership would embrace not just businessmen but "intelligent readers" everywhere.

When word of the venture was released, prenatal public response was so enthusiastic that the *Journal* had to scrub original plans to print its offspring only in Washington and limit the first press run to 200,000. Last week's *Observer*, the fruit of twelve dummy issues and of an investment of \$1,000,000, was printed (on Saturday) in three of the *Journal's* seven printing plants—Washington, Chicago and Chicopee Falls, Mass. Of the initial press run of 422,000, some 290,000 copies (25¢) were sold on newstands or by home delivery. The other 132,000 reached mail subscribers (\$10 a year) on Monday or Tuesday. Eventually, the *Observer* hopes to distribute largely by newstand or home delivery so that most readers will get their paper on Sunday.

Response from advertisers has also been encouraging. By policy, ads are limited to 50% of available space. The *Observer* not only reached that 16-page limit in its first issue but also turned down five pages'

ranged from qualified approval to frank disappointment. "A professional job with excellent writing," said John Stanton, managing editor of the *Chicago Daily News*. "But it appears to be just a little too formalized." Said a high-ranking editor of the *New York Times*: "If the *National Observer* is worth 25¢, the *Sunday Times* is worth \$2.50. I expect the second issue will be a lot different; they'll try to change it while they still have time."

Thunder on the Right

The John Birch Society generally dismisses its critics as Communists, Comsymps or, at best, Communist dupes. Last week a surprising new recruit turned up in the symp-dupe ranks: the ultra-conservative *National Review*.

The *Review*, founded in 1955 by William F. (God and Man at Yale) Buckley Jr., is an increasingly lively, literate journal that is constantly goading the "Liberal Establishment." But many a liberal organ might have envied the *Review's* devastating analysis of the thinking of



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the Birch Society's founder, onetime Boston Candymaker Robert Welch.

The *Review* argued that Welch, far from repenting such absurdities as his 1958 attack on Eisenhower as a Comsymp, is as loose a talker as ever. To Welch, for instance, the Bay of Pigs was a theatrical performance jointly sponsored by Castro and "his friends in the U.S. Government" in order to strengthen the Communist hold on Cuba. Not only the U.S. State Department but also the Central Intelligence Agency is Communist-riddled.

Retired Taffy Puller. Welch's wild assaults on reason, says the *Review*, menace the solidarity of the entire conservative movement. "He persists in distorting reality . . . By the extravagance of his remarks, he repels rather than attracts a great following . . . Can one endorse the efforts of a man who, in one's judgment, goes about bearing false witness?" The *Review* says no: "Our opinion is that Robert Welch is damaging the cause of anti-Communism."

Buckley actually approves of the John Birch Society ("I hope it thrives"), but has been more and more bothered by its founder's antics. Last April Buckley said in print that there were "grave differences" between his own conservative creed and that of retired Taffy-Puller Welch. Besides, last week's *Review* editorial was bound to brew another of the ideological storms on which Buckley and the *Review* seem to thrive.

Tut-Tutting the Pope. The magazine's brief life has been punctuated by thunderclaps of dissent. Recently, Buckley, who is a Roman Catholic, challenged the papal encyclical *Mater et Magistra*. This letter from Pope John XXIII to his bishops advocated a measure of "socialization," i.e., government planning and welfare programs, and urged bishops to accommodate to the trend. The *Review* promptly took the Vatican to task, describing the encyclical as "a venture in triviality."

Buckley's belligerence has manifestly enhanced the fortunes of his magazine. Since late 1960, the *Review's* circulation has grown from 36,000 to a healthy 65,000.* Advertising revenue has doubled since mid-1960, and the magazine loses only \$100,000 a year—a state of affairs that does not particularly bother Bill Buckley. Rich by inheritance (oil), he has both the money and the will to keep the magazine going indefinitely.

Last week's editorial even won praise from Liberal Establishmentarian James Reston, Washington bureau chief of the *New York Times*, who thought the *Review's* firm stand might encourage the Republican Party to rusticate Welch and all other extremists of his breed. Such recognition should compensate for the risks in criticizing a man whose flock doubtless numbers some subscribers to the *National Review*.

* Almost equal to the combined circulation of its opposite numbers on the left, the *New Republic* (47,617) and the *Nation* (25,500).



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MODERN LIVING

TRAVEL

The Bounding Main

The fireboats were spraying, and the French ambassador was waiting. Into New York harbor steamed the world's newest and longest ocean liner, *France*, her profile ennobled by huge ailerons protruding from two canted stacks. On her maiden voyage, the *France* last week carried 1,600 French Line officials and paying customers, all of them grateful for a touch of dry land. The great ship had run into a storm that spoiled one day of the voyage as well as some dishes and dinners.

Calculated Gamble. The *France* is an elegant, \$80 million defiance of jet-age statistics. As late as 1957, more Americans traveled to and from Europe by sea than by air—1,032,000 v. 1,023,000. But by 1961, steamship bookings dropped to 785,000, while the airlines carried 2,165,250. The *France* and several other brand-new ships for the '60s (see color pages) are a calculated gamble that luxury and leisure can compete with speed. The *France*, in addition to French food, has two swimming pools, eight bars, two cabarets, a teen-age center with jukeboxes, a shooting gallery, dance floor, soda fountain, children's dining rooms and nurseries. Television sets in the smoking and reading rooms pick up closed circuit programs of films, shipboard news and French lessons. Special dog kennels provide hydrants for American dogs, milestones for the French. There is a sports center, a huge hospital (operating room, delivery room, five recuperating rooms), the

the *France*, though longer than any other liner (1,035 ft.) is only the third biggest in tonnage. She weighs 66,000 gross tons, while the *Queen Elizabeth* (1,031 ft.) weighs 83,673 tons and the *Queen Mary* (1,019 ft.) 81,237 tons.

world's biggest seagoing air-conditioning system, 1,300 telephones and a thalassotherapy room where passengers can get a salt-water massage in water containing special algae.

With a 2,000-passenger capacity, the *France* follows the trend of postwar times in eliminating cabin class. Fares range from \$3,403 for a suite for two in first class to \$250 for a single berth in a four-passenger cabin in tourist.

On a smaller but scarcely less luxurious scale are two new British ships, Union-Castle's 33,500-ton *Transvaal Castle*, which will run between Southampton and South Africa, and P. & O. Orient's 45,000-ton *Canberra*, which will ply a leisurely looping route from Vancouver to California to Australia, Singapore and Ceylon, on through the Suez Canal and Mediterranean to Britain, with many stops along the way. The *Transvaal Castle* is strictly one class, fixes its rates (\$302 to \$2,324) according to size and location of the cabins. The *Canberra* has first and tourist classes (\$767 to \$2,761) and an aluminum superstructure, which is so much lighter than the conventional steel that the designers have been able to add a whole extra deck for extra passenger facilities.

Cruise Types. Unlike the *France*, the two British liners are really cruise ships, cater to the type of passenger who has become the mainstay of the liners. The cruise traveler is going nowhere in particular, likes the sense of remoteness from the world's harassments that only the sea can give, and is happy to stop anywhere that seems interesting. In 1956 the winter cruise business grossed \$55 million; this year it will top \$100 million. This season there will be more than 325 cruise sailings to the Caribbean, Mediterranean, South

Pacific and round the world. The American President Lines' *President Roosevelt*, newly converted to an all-first-class cruise ship, made her maiden voyage (from San Francisco to Honolulu, Yokohama, Hong Kong, Manila and Kobe) last month. Canadian Pacific's *Empress of Canada*, on the Caribbean and Mediterranean routes, is another recent and successful addition to the cruise fleet. The Home Lines is building an unnamed 34,000-ton "Ship of Tomorrow" that will be ready in 1963 for summer and fall transatlantic service from Montreal and for winter-spring operation from New York to the Caribbean. Grace Lines this week launched its sleek new 14,000-ton *Santa Magdalena*, which will carry cargo and 127 passengers between New York and west coast ports in South America. So profitable is the cruise business in fact that even big transatlantic liners like the *Leonardo da Vinci* and the *United States* are being diverted for special vacation cruises during the winter season, and the French Line is "considering" cruises for the *France*.

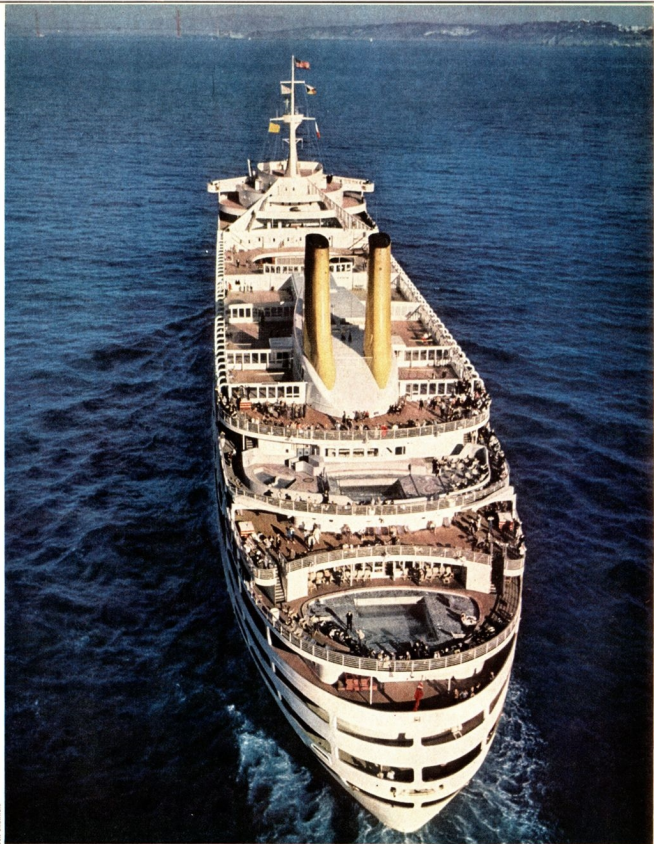
As much as the steamship companies would like to attract young, fun-loving customers, they must depend mostly on people who can afford to be away from home for an extended trip. A good proportion of cruise travelers are older, monied people, many of them divorcees and widows. To a few frustrated romantics, the cruise ships still hold something of the promise (seldom fulfilled) of the fabled Slow Boat to China. Women seem to like cruises because they can count on good food and plumbing aboard ship, are spared the hazards of finding their way alone through strange cities and into questionable hotels. They also get to see a big piece of the world. Holland-American Line's *Rotterdam*, for example, is now steaming around the world on an 80-day trip that will include a tiger shikar at the jungle estates of the Maharajah of Cooh Behar in the foothills of the Himalayas, a tour of Tashkent, the capital of Uzbekistan, side trips to Galle in Ceylon and Addis Ababa in Ethiopia. The fare: \$2,700 to \$9,000.

Culture & Refresher. To get repeat business from travelers who have seen the Caribbean or Greek islands several times, cruises are offering a new variety of on-ship activities. American Export Lines, for example, is running a Caribbean "Culture Cruise" that leaves New York this week. The culture seekers will be able to gaze at a gallery of paintings by artists from Winslow Homer and Frederic Remington to Ben Shahn and Milton Avery, will be lectured by Cornelia Otis Skinner and Critic John Mason Brown. Poet John Ciardi and Manhattan's Whitney Museum Director Floyd Goodrich as the ship steams through the warm Caribbean islands. The line will also run a "Bridge Cruise," captained by Expert Charles Goren and patronized by bridge fiends to whom a deck is something to be dealt, not strolled. Grace Lines' entry this year will be a "Navigator's Cruise" to the Caribbean for those "who want to refresh



STORMY NIGHT ABOARD THE "FRANCE"
But then there is also thalassotherapy.

JACK GARFALDO—PARIS MATCH



JOHN DEAN/RETNA

NEW SHIP FOR THE SIXTIES is P. & O.-Orient's 820-ft. *Canberra*, Britain's largest ship since *Queen Elizabeth*, here seen steaming into San Francisco Bay on first leg of cruise

from Vancouver to Southampton via Australia and Suez. Super-modern *Canberra* has aluminum superstructure, twin stacks set aft to leave sun deck clear, four open swimming pools.



FIRST-CLASS DINING ROOM on new liner *France* is set beneath domed ceiling 18 ft. high and studded with starlike

bulbs. To serve the 376 seated passengers is corps of 75 waiters ready with wine list of 65 champagnes, 31 brands of whisky.

ROBERT WOOTEN



"FRANCE," here docked at Le Havre, cost \$80 million, accommodates 400 first-class passengers and 1,600 tourist.

TOTS' DINING ROOM is decorated with playful murals, has its own staff of waiters and nursemaids, seats 80.



CINEMA DE LUXE seats 664 passengers, runs from morning to midnight. First class is placed in mezzanine, tourist in orchestra.

JOHN SHENNEIS



TOURIST-CLASS NURSERY on *Canberra* offers wide choice of playthings, has attendants for toddlers.

JOHN SHENNEIS



TEEN-AGERS' CLUB aboard *Canberra*, called Pop Inn, features games, soft drinks, handy jukebox.

JOHN GADGVY



READING ROOM of new *Transvaal Castle* adds atmosphere of traditional British club with its draped table, leather chair, mahogany shelves.

JOHN GADGVY



SHIP'S GALLEY serves all passengers on one-class *Transvaal Castle*, "hotel" ship that prices stateroom according to its location.

their navigation before they put their boats in the water in the spring." But mostly, cruises are still for people who like to marvel at the jet age from the vantage point of a chair on the sun deck.

THE MARKETPLACE

No Hands

In the continuing effort of U.S. gadget makers to spare the citizen even the least physical exertion, such simple tasks as brushing one's teeth, hair and boots have been taken over by a whirling peddler's pack of electrical gimmicks that fore-shadow the day when people will need nothing but an index finger (for button pushing) and a vestigial thumb, helpful in plugging things in. Among the don't-do-it-yourself items now available:

► Electric toothbrushes have proved to be popular beyond manufacturers' dreams, and demand has outstripped production. General Electric's model delivers a brisk, sideways "reciprocating action" stroke, operates on batteries that may be recharged by plugging it into an electrical outlet. Squibb's electric toothbrush runs on household current, produces the rapid, "brush up and down, not across." Both come with a set of changeable brush heads so that each member of the family may snap on his own. Prices: \$19.95 (General Electric), \$19.75 (Squibb).

► "SpeedSnips" electric scissors "eliminate tiresome hand cutting" with a snickersee that plugs into the wall, comes in four colors. Price: \$7.95.

► Electric can openers are made by more than 20 manufacturers. Price range: \$9.95 to \$29.95.

► Kitchenaid's electric coffee mill revives a forgotten household chore, can be set for a choice of 16 grinds. Price: \$32.95.

► Electric pepper mill, the peak of mechanized gracious living. Made in Japan, it is battery-powered, push-button operated. Price: \$5.95.

► Point-O-Matic pencil sharpener, with indicator light to tell when pencil is pointy; "nib" control can be adjusted to produce fine or broad points. Price: \$29.95.

► Electric carving knife, made by Mini-tone, whose vorpal blade hacks through the toughest roast like a power saw. Price: \$12.95.

► Cory's Vitabrush is for hair, "turns 15 to 20 minutes of hand brushing into three minutes of fun," has detachable bristles for quick cleaning. Price: \$29.95.

FASHION

The *Shapka*

The streets of big cities in the nation's cold belt this year are abuzz with something dashing and radical in men's headgear: *shapkas*—fur hats. They are worn not by visiting Russians but by venture-some Americans who have discovered that the shapely *shapka* has the advantage over the standard felt hats: it is warm and comfortable.

The *shapka* became fashionable in a small way back in 1959, when Britain's

Prime Minister Harold Macmillan visited Moscow. A man of infinite sartorial taste, Macmillan wore a white lamb's-wool *shapka* that he had bought in Russia 30 years before. Moviegoers also liked the way the *shapka* looked on the stone-bald head of swashbuckling Actor Yul Brynner in *The Brothers Karamazov*.

By now, men who are notoriously conservative in choosing their business clothes have decided that the *shapka* is acceptable, even somewhat sophisticated. More and more men are wearing them downtown—in Washington, Chicago, New York and Boston. Eager to keep the boomlet going, importers and U.S. manufacturers are supplying a variety of styles, mostly in greys, blacks and browns, that range in price



MANHATTAN FUR HATS
Cool—and warm.

from \$5 for a karakul number to \$3.95 for a bargain-basement ersatz fur. Following their own mysterious impulses, women also seemed to have got that Slavic feeling: the most conspicuous new hat style on female heads this winter has been a high-fashion version of the *shapka* that looks like a furry coal scuttle.

The men's styles are naturally squatter, and masculine. A big seller is the cuffed Macmillan (also known as the Ambassador and the Astrakhan), though men can choose from the cuffed Alaskan (also known as the Troika and the Stockholm) and the round Pillobox (also known as the Detroit and the Arctic).

Sensible as it is in wintertime, the *shapka* requires some daring from its wearers. For, though the hat is worn all through Scandinavia as well as in Russia, many Americans associate it with Com-

munist and the cold war. In Manhattan last year, a man in a *shapka* got on a subway train and sat down, whereupon a woman near by hissed: "Goddam foreigners!" He never wore his *shapka* again.

FADS

The New Kick

Each year thousands of misguided teenagers explore the fuzzy-edged world of the cheap kick. Over the years, they have tried the hopped-up delights of aspirin-and-Coke, cough syrup, Benzedrine inhalers and lighter-fluid fumes.

The newest kick is glue sniffing. A 14-year-old sniffer explains: "You take a tube of plastic glue, the kind squares use to make model airplanes, and you squeeze it all out in a handkerchief. See, then you roll up the handkerchief into a sort of tube, put the end in your mouth and breathe through it. It's simple and it's cheap. It's quick, too. Man!"

And it is dangerous. In Salt Lake City, where there had been an alarming rise in arrests of "nice boys" as well as chronic juvenile offenders on drunk charges, police found that the youngsters were indeed horrendously drunk, but without a trace of alcohol in their systems. Glue-sniffing parties have resulted in vicious beatings. One boy was attacked by his best friend, who came at him with a broken bottle; another challenged a quartet of marines to a fight. Dr. Alan K. Done, director of the Poison Center at Salt Lake County General Hospital, sees a further—and more serious—danger in glue inhalation. Says Dr. Done: "I have found definite evidence of effects on the kidneys from glue sniffing. It is too soon to know whether this effect is temporary or permanent damage."

To the sniffer, glue has much the same effect as alcohol. Regular users develop a tolerance for the stuff, need more sniffs for a kick as time goes by. Glue sniffing is definitely habit-forming. Says a Salt Lake City teen-ager: "I don't like it . . . but I go back to it. If I could get liquor, I would. But it's too expensive and we can't get it anyway."

It is not the glue itself but the volatile solvents (acetone, butyl acetate, toluene) used to make the glue dry faster that are poisonous as well as intoxicating. Glue manufacturers are trying to find a remedy for the situation. Says Charles D. Miller, president of Testor Corp., Rockford, Ill., makers of model-airplane cement: "We are going to change the formula by reducing the amount of acetone so that the narcotic effect will be slowed down, but I am afraid the kids will just switch to another product."

The next cheap kick is already on the scene. Some fast-drying marking pencils contain a solvent like those in the plastic glues, are more inconspicuous for sniffing. A Washington, D.C., public school music teacher told recently of a boy in her class who ordinarily never sang a note. One day she noticed him sniffing a marking pencil behind his songbook: "Then he got up and sang like a bird."



1912

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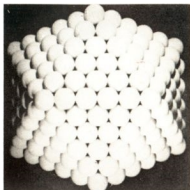
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MODEL OF HERPES SIMPLEX VIRUS



A GEODESIC DOME
Buckminster Fuller had their numbers.



MODEL OF ADENOVIRUS

Drug Against a Virus

For the first time, medical researchers have found a drug that cures a disease caused by a true virus. Ophthalmologist Herbert E. Kaufman told a Manhattan symposium on virology last week that he has used the drug in 46 cases of a common infection of the eyes called herpetic keratoconjunctivitis. More than half of Dr. Kaufman's patients got such prompt benefit that their eyes escaped permanent damage, and in more severe cases the damage was limited.

The disease is the most frequent cause of eyeball-scarring infections in the U.S., and for no known reason it is becoming commoner. Its scars are the main reason for corneal transplants. Its cause is the versatile virus herpes simplex, which usually does no more harm than to touch off annoying fever blisters or canker sores in the mouth, but may cause blindness if it reaches the eyes, or even death if it attacks the brain.

Window in the Eye. Dr. Kaufman decided to try 5-iodo-2'-deoxyuridine (or IDU), a close chemical kin to 5-fluoro-2'-deoxyuridine (or FUDR), one of the drugs given to House Speaker Sam Rayburn in his last illness. These chemicals were developed in the hope that cancer cells would be fooled into using them instead of normal metabolic building blocks, which they closely resemble. Dr. Kaufman reasoned that cells invaded by viruses might react the same way, and thus be saved from helping the virus to reproduce.

The difficulty in checking a viral infection is to find a chemical that behaves differently in normal and diseased cells, or to find a part of the body in which the chemical acts against the virus without damaging cells. Such a part of the body is the eye. Dr. Kaufman reasoned that since the cornea, a kind of plastic window, has no blood supply, its cells might be more receptive to the effects of the drug. Kaufman's hunch, tested in rabbits, proved right in humans.

Drops Every Hour. At Massachusetts Eye and Ear Infirmary in Boston, Dr. Kaufman and colleagues dropped IDU into herpes-infected eyes every hour during the day and every two hours at night.

MEDICINE

On this rigorous schedule, patients whose corneas were infected only on the outermost layer were healed in an average of three days and had no scars. If the virus had reached a deeper layer, healing took about a day longer.

In cases where the cornea was already scarred and the infection had penetrated its deepest layers to the inner parts of the eye, IDU sometimes could not cure the disease, but still it could be made to help. In a herpes-infected eye, cortisone (which has sometimes been mistakenly tried because it is valuable in many other eye afflictions) often does swift and hideous damage by increasing inflammation. Dr. Kaufman found that a combination of IDU and cortisone in these severe cases promoted healing of the inner part of the eye and minimized damage.

The drug does not attack free virus particles directly. It works by preventing their multiplication after they enter cells. Timing is important: Dr. Kaufman has found that if IDU is given at longer than hourly intervals, it does not work. Whether this first chemical breakthrough against virus infections will lead to others, no one can say, largely because of the unique nature of the cornea. Dr. Kaufman is hopeful but cautious.

To virologists who are used to electron microscope photographs showing viruses like fuzzy tennis balls or tired tadpoles, the models presented by Britain's Dr. Robert Horne last week had an eye-opening clarity that comes from two recent developments in the study of virus structure. Dr. Horne, working at the Institute of Animal Physiology in Cambridge, and other British virologists have pioneered virus staining and electronic magnification until they can picture viruses (typically, one twenty-five millionth of an inch long) 500,000 times lifelike. This gave them enough information to make big models.

In sticking rods or spheres (representing protein molecules) around a simulated virus' nucleic acid core, they hit upon designs and number groups that reminded

them of the light, strong geodesic domes designed by U.S. Architect-Engineer Buckminster Fuller. Consulting his books, they found the symmetries of the shapes all matched neatly. The Horne group's reconstruction of the herpes simplex virus has 162 protein rods. An animal tumor virus has 42. An adenovirus (cause of some respiratory diseases) has 252 spheres making a figure with 20 faces. These are all favorite Fuller numbers, and the keystone of his keystoneless structure.

The Volunteers

The freshman and the sophomore from Antioch College who share a room in a huge federal building in Bethesda, Md., are free men, but their routine last week was as rigid as a prisoner's. Almost as confining as leg irons were the polyethylene tubes and electric cord that hooked each of them up to a trolley loaded with complicated apparatus. Peter Schmidt, 18, and Lawrence Baldwin, 20, got out of their room only once a day, to walk a few steps down the hall and be weighed on a scale that is accurate to a fraction of an ounce. Even then, the trolley and tubes went with them.

Each of the seven days that the hookup lasted, Schmidt and Baldwin divided their time equally between sitting up in bed and lying down. They could sleep as much as they wanted. Schmidt, who comes from Levittown, L.I., broke the monotony of reading and card playing by strumming his banjo and singing folk songs. Baldwin, who comes from Ithaca, N.Y., was eagerly looking forward to a steak dinner at experiment's end after meals that were identical every day.

What Is Normal? Schmidt, Baldwin and 30 other people are volunteers for research projects at the Clinical Center of the National Institutes of Health. Some of the most fundamental questions in medicine—how man ages, what stress does to him, how hormones interact, how physical changes may cause or be caused by emotional illness—cannot be answered until doctors learn more precisely what is normal and how the system reacts to a single change in its economy.

The transfusion-type apparatus to which Schmidt and Baldwin were hooked

up last week provides such a change. A pump sends a continuous infusion into an artery in each subject's left arm. In the infused fluid is an infinitesimal amount—1/90,000 oz. per day—of a mysterious and immensely potent substance called angiotensin. Explained Dr. Frederic C. Barter, head of NIH's hormone studies: "We know that a lot of angiotensin raises the blood pressure and causes salt retention. What we need to know is whether an increase so small that it does not raise the blood pressure will nonetheless cause salt retention, and therefore help to account for edema—'dropsy.' It looks that way, from our work with volunteers like Schmidt and Baldwin. This may be important in treating patients with heart failure."

Colds from Monkeys. The angiotensin study is one of about 100 projects, under the center's associate director, Dr. Clifton K. Himmelsbach, employing volunteers in normal health. The center also has a list of 300 projects for the study of various diseases. Because the 14-story Clinical Center is designed for research, less than half its sprawling space goes for patients' rooms, while more than half of it goes for laboratories.

The center does not sign up individual volunteers directly, but gets them only through sponsoring agencies. It has contracts with five colleges. In years past, for example, it got a winter invasion of Bennington-girl volunteers for its studies of psychosomatic ills. Other volunteers come from conscientious-objector groups such as the Mennonites and the Church of the Brethren, and from the U.S. Bureau of Prisons. A 19-man squad of car thieves, tax evaders and embezzlers is now at the center, volunteers all and watched by special guards, to see whether they will catch colds from monkey viruses. The pay is \$5 a day.

Stress & Hormones. Most medical studies of stress are physical and highly artificial—a man running on a treadmill or being deprived of sleep. Doctors cannot induce genuine emotional stress without violating their medical ethics. But the Clinical Center has a unique group of eight volunteers under severe stress: five mothers and three fathers of children whom the center is treating for acute leukemia.

One is Mrs. Joel Stevens, 32, from Bossier City, La., who has taken turns with her husband in staying at the center with a daughter under treatment. Says Roberta Stevens: "Being able to stay here, two floors away from her, and see her a large part of the day, was the best thing that could have happened to us under the circumstances." Mrs. Stevens and the other parents are not being treated psychiatrically, but are being studied. "Our focus," says Dr. Stanford Friedman, "is how these people react to their situation, not only their perceptions and ideas about it, but also in possible physical changes such as hormone balance." Their situations are harrowing: all the parents know that the acute leukemia of childhood is invariably fatal.



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THE THEATER

Dust in Venice

The Aspern Papers (by Michael Redgrave) is a devoted, but unrewarding, act of literary piety, more library dust than drama. In transposing Henry James's story, Actor-turned-Playwright Redgrave has animated a book, not given life to a play.

In a moldering Venetian *palazzo* in the late 19th century sit two desiccated women. Miss Bordereau (Françoise Rosay) is 100 or so, and has wrung life dry; her old-maid niece, Miss Tina (Wendy Hiller), has had life squeezed out of her. In swirls a worldly dandy, Henry Jarvis



EVANS & HILLER IN "PAPERS"
Like the sound of one hand clapping.

(Maurice Evans), a publisher and a cultish worshiper of a long-dead American Byron named Jeffrey Aspern, whose mistress Miss Bordereau once was. Jarvis is avid for literary mementoes—the Aspern papers. He coaxes Miss Tina to be his ally, in terms that seize her poor fluttery soul with a fantasy of love. Upon Miss Bordereau's sudden death, Miss Tina, tormented into boldness, names a price for the papers too devastatingly high for Jarvis to pay—marriage.

Wendy Hiller brings Miss Tina quivering to life, at first, touchingly timid, in the end, touchingly rash. Stunningly miscast as the Jamesian relic of a more gracious age, Françoise Rosay, with her Gallic accent and facial gestures, seems rooted in some irascible French family film. Maurice Evans elegantly elocutes lines that might better be spoken, but the talk is a smokescreen for a character that isn't there.

Henry James was a master hint dropper. In the novel of sensibility, a hint often drops with a sizable psychological bang, but in the theater a hint dropping is about the same as one hand clapping.

WHAT'S IN THESE PAY ENVELOPES—BESIDES MONEY?

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DIRECTOR SWEENEY AT POOLSIDE

Beach Bums by Pablo

When Picasso's 5,000-lb. array of bronze *Bathers* arrived in Houston last week, Museum of Fine Arts Director James Johnson Sweeney took an anxious look around the museum's Mies van der Rohe-designed Cullinan Hall, wondering where to put them. Then Sweeney, who used to run various museums on the East Coast, recalled that he was in Texas and quickly built a swimming pool for *The Bathers'* ponderous plume.

Now Picasso's lady diver stands poised and suspenseful on a sturdy diving board, a child bather lurks in water up to his chest, and the four remaining figures idle at poolside, like beach bums anywhere. Houston's museumgoers were sufficiently startled to pronounce the whole exhibition "Sweeney's Swimming Hole," but the *Houston Chronicle* was impressed: "It would seem," the paper said, "that for the first time the challenge of the hall's proportions has been met with sculptures of the perfect heroic dimensions."

So What's New?

Abstract art in its heyday after World War II, had a vitality and expressiveness that will forever enrich painting and sculpture. But in much of the abstractionist work of recent years, the vitality has seemed played out, and a sizable school of critics has decided that abstract is old hat. Last week, musing over the recent annual at Manhattan's Whitney Museum, Frank Getlein, the conservative art critic for the liberal *New Republic*, gave a lively verdict on the state of abstraction today.

Getlein recalled that a few years ago Critic Harold Rosenberg, the man credited with inventing the term "action painting," denounced a canvas by Realist Jack Levine for an odd reason. The painting was of a gangster's funeral, and Rosenberg said that since everyone knew all about gangsters already, Levine was a mere formalist. The abstract expressionists, with their great swirls and blots, showed some-

thing no man had ever seen before. They were, therefore, the truer artists. Getlein noted that Rosenberg's "tradition of the new," if carried to its logical conclusion, would pretty much dispose of Michelangelo and Monet, since everyone knew about the human figure and water lilies. He went on to ask: Are the abstractionists really producing anything new today?

"The first time any of us saw Franz Kline's tall white paintings streaked with huge black strokes that might be girders or shadows, we were impressed. But essentially the same Kline painting is in the Whitney called *Probst I*, and all you can say is 'So what's new?' Adolph Gottlieb's *Soft Blue, Soft Black* is another arrangement of one big circular smudge hovering over another, the lower more like a gear, the upper more like a sun. He's been doing it for years."

What has happened, says Getlein, is that the variations possible to abstraction are running out. The oldtimers of abstraction are only repeating themselves, and their disciples will do the same. The genuinely novel paintings at the Whitney were paintings that show at least a hint of image—some sand dunes by Karl Knaths ("Naturally, we all knew about dunes anyway, but we didn't know about these dunes"), a *Pietà* by Abraham Rattner ("that compares with the last sculptures on that theme by Michelangelo, a standing nude by Raphael Soyer ('We see freshly the tired flesh, the dull face, the patient, loving application of paint'). Concludes Getlein: "You find that the only reasonable answer to 'What's new?' is given by the older painters, those who are still painting for vision, for representation, for organization, for almost anything except the wish to be new."

The Same Lost Thing

For 54 years he has been a painter, and for all but the past five of them, Bram van Velde has been penniless and unknown, a man so much alone that he has almost lost the gift of speech. Seemingly too late to give him any satisfaction, he is now becoming famous and solvent. He has had enormously successful shows in Swiss and Dutch museums. At his big retrospective at the influential Galerie Knoedler in Paris last fall, some of his paintings fetched prices up to \$18,000. This week a similar show opens at Knoedler's in Manhattan.

Van Velde was born in Holland in 1895, and by the time he was twelve had found a niche in art. He was apprenticed to an interior decorator as a wall painter; his talent quickly advanced him from walls to designing lampshades to copying old masters. The decorator sent Van Velde to a German artists' colony where he discovered "painting as a language to trans-

ART

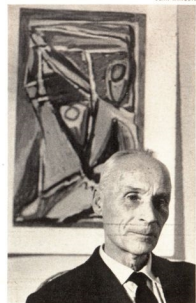
late the world and one's life." But his translations were so brutal and sad that no one wanted them, and when the Depression came, the decorator cut off Van Velde's stipend.

Van Velde never could afford a model. So he painted the women who paraded through his mind, even as his strength ebbed away from slow starvation. During World War II, living in Paris, he felt so weak that he could not hold a brush, and did not paint at all. "I lived like a phantom," he says, "I wasn't broken, though. I went on living in the work I had done earlier." He searched for handouts and scoured the gutters for cigarette butts. After the war, with the help of new patrons ("a few people for whom it wasn't a drama to help me"), Van Velde regained his strength and his art, then at last began to attract attention.

The paintings at Knoedler's trace Van Velde's grim road. Gaunt figures loom in his early paintings, but in his later work they begin to decompose, and finally the portraits are hidden behind impenetrable strokescreens in which forms flow free of nature and colors are free of form. The colors slosh about in swoops and swirls; the paintings seem as gay as bunting.

European collectors have taken these charmingly unsophisticated mazes to their hearts, but the new affluence has not changed Grim Painter Van Velde. "I am still," says he, "the same lost thing that by the act of painting must reassure itself." Says a Paris friend and patron: "He sleeps, gets up, does his housework, sighs, laments, torments himself, destroys himself, feels remorse, walks, walks a great deal, eats, breathes, laughs, lies on the bed, puts his head in his hands, is lonely, is very lonely."

JEAN WARDUIS



PAINTER VAN VELDE



BRAM VAN VELDE'S "GOUACHE, 1961" SUGGESTS GHOSTLY, EERIE DANCE.

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MUSIC

The Machine Closes In

French Composers Pierre Barbaud, 50, and Roger Blanchard, 43, have a peculiar ambition: they want to make composers obsolete. They have worked long and hard to create a composing machine as versatile as the one that swamped the masses with mollifying melodies in George Orwell's fantasy, 1984. Last week French teenagers were dancing to the catchy theme for the new Paris hit film *Chronique d'un Eté*, which had been dreamed up in the electronic brain of an Orwellian monster otherwise known as Binary Digital Computer Gamma Three.

Mania for Numbers. The origin of such mechanical music is much older than Orwell. The German mathematician Baron Gottfried von Leibniz (1646-1716) observed that "composers are simply men with a mania for numbers." Others have also noted the persistent relationship between music and math—between pure science and pure art. Barbaud himself began speculating on the musical potential of computers after reading that Haydn leaned heavily on the laws of probability and sometimes rolled dice to make a choice among possible chord and key combinations. Every type of music, Barbaud decided, must have its own laws, all equally rigid and equally mechanical. If a machine could be made to follow the rules, he reasoned, it could write music. Given proper orders, Barbaud concluded, a machine might even put together a Beethoven *Tenth Symphony*.

Other composers and scientists have toyed with the same idea. Computers have already been put to work on music both in the U.S. and Europe. But no other mechanical composer comes close to the musical sophistication of Gamma Three.



COMPOSER BARBAUD
With a hint from Haydn.

Borrowed from France's biggest calculator manufacturer, it was "instructed" by Barbaud and his friend Blanchard in theory, harmonics and chromatics—i.e., they crammed the circuits of its electronic memory with all the knowledge necessary for composition. Now Gamma knows the mathematical rules by which chords are combined into musical compositions. It understands only a vocabulary of numbers and letters, so all the essentials must first be fitted with a coded description. Fed with the necessary information, and given instructions relating to the key of the composition, its length, and the number of instruments, Gamma Three then attacks the problem of composing exactly as it would an abstruse mathematical equation. Switches are thrown, relays click and the bulky machine punches out on tape a swift stream of chord combinations that meet the composer's requirements.

Because both Barbaud and Blanchard are modernists, much influenced by Schoenberg, they have instructed Gamma in the twelve-tone scale so that it can spew forth Schoenbergian chamber works on punched tape with confidence and ease. Says Barbaud: "They are in some respects better, artistically as well as technically, than some of Schoenberg's works."

Terrible Reactions. Barbaud and Blanchard are well aware that there is also another type of mechanical music maker in existence—gigantic sound generators capable of imitating every imaginable noise, from a flute solo to an entire symphony. Some day the composers hope to link their machine to the great sound-maker at the Siemens electronic music studio in Munich. Since the Siemens machine can be made to imitate the style of any desired artist, the possibilities are devastating. The combination, suggest Barbaud and Blanchard, could make the performer as well as the composer obsolete. "What we've done," they claim, "is simply carry the old discovery that music is an arithmetic process to its logical limit. Machines could replace every popular tune composer immediately and plenty of serious composers."

The only catch, of course, is that if Gamma Three and other computers were turned loose to compose to the electronic limit, the frenzied output would need someone to judge it—someone to decide which compositions were worth keeping and which were pure junk. Many such judges would be needed, and as they picked off good bits from the machines' output, stitched excerpts together with some work of their own, ran off passages now and then on a piano, they could come to be known as *composers*.

Jazz Records

When he left the Paris Conservatory in 1953, fringe-bearded French Pianist-Composer Jacques Loussier, now 77, took a hasty look at the world of classical music—and decided it was no place to earn a living. "I thought," says he, "it was time



PIANIST LOUSSIER
With a boost from Bach.

to tear down the barriers between jazz and classic." Loussier knew just the man to help him: Johann Sebastian Bach.

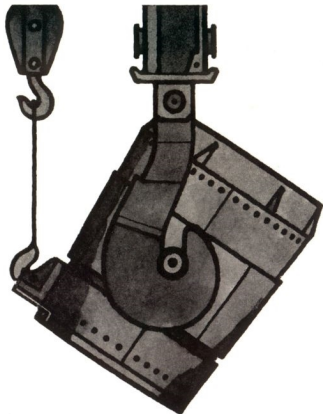
Loussier figured he could "produce jazz harmonies without disturbing the harmonies of Bach." He rounded up a bass fiddle and some drums, and started noodling his way through the Bach fugues and preludes, "looking for passages that could be swung." He found them—or made them—and the result was an album titled *Play Bach* (Decca Disques). It sold briskly. Encouraged, Loussier recorded *Play Bach, No. 2* and most recently turned to the *Italian Concerto, Chromatic Fantasy and Two-Part Inventions* as the inspiration for *Play Bach, No. 3*.

In limited doses, Loussier-Bach is fascinating. Each number contains a few snatches of unadulterated Bach, and Loussier uses those snatches as an excuse for wheeling off into sweet, cajoling solos or bouncing into a marching, brutish beat. But strange things are happening: each album in the series is becoming less jazzy and more classical. The day could come when all Loussier's products will be pure Johann Sebastian Bach.

Other new records:

Clark Terry Color Changes (Candid). Alternately fresh, brash and mellow statements by a trumpeter whose playing is full of oddball humor, off-center insinuations, and piquant flurries. Such numbers as *Blue Waltz* and *La Rive Gauche* give him a fine chance to stretch his ideas.

Chicago and All That Jazz (Verve). A reunion of McKenzie-Condon's Chicagoans—the band organized by Guitarist Eddie Condon and Kazooist Red McKenzie in the 1920s. Among those present: Condon, Saxophonist Bud Freeman, Bass Player Bob Haggart, Drummer Gene Krupa, Trumpeter Jimmy McPartland, Clarinetist Pee Wee Russell, Pianist Joe Sullivan, Trombonist Jack Teagarden. Their enthusiasm has withered little with the



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years. The album is a remarkable recreation of a style 40 years dead—a style that is reborn in Sullivan's honky-tonk piano and Russell's keening clarinet and, most delightfully, in Teagarden's lumpy but moving vocals in *Logan Square* and *After You've Gone*.

Swingin' with Humes (Helen Humes; Contemporary). A singer with an infinitely stretchable, rubber-lined beat and a feel for a smoothly sculptured phrase bounces in high good humor through some dark laments: *When Day Is Done*, *Baby Won't You Please Come Home*, *Solitude*.

The Jazz Version of "How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying" (the Gary McFarland Orchestra; Verve). Arranger-Bandleader McFarland achieves the all but impossible by putting some bite and character into the bland Frank Loesser score. *Paris Original* and *Brotherhood of Man* are gingery with ingenious instrumental chatter; *I Believe in You* turns into a fine, lightly swinging solo for Flügelhorn.

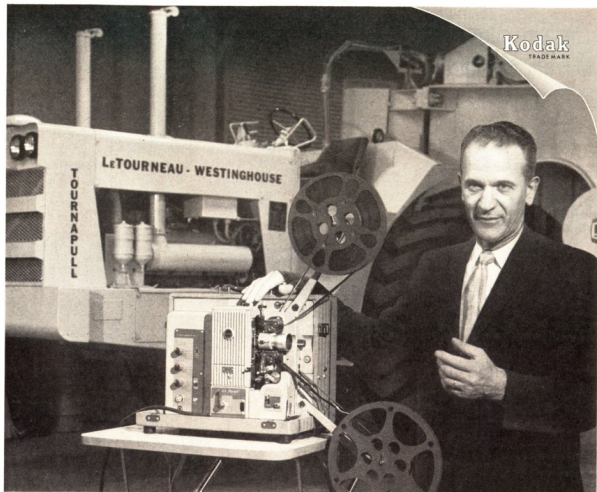
Charlie Byrd at the Village Vanguard (Offbeat). The most imaginative guitarist in jazz, assisted by bass and drums, rings changes on *Just Squeeze Me*, *Why Was I Born?*, *You Stepped Out of a Dream*. Byrd has flair and great rhythmic ingenuity, but he is best taken in brief selections, lest the combo's comparative sameness of color begin to weary the ear.

The Trio (Oscar Peterson, piano; Ed Thigpen, drums; Ray Brown, bass; Verve). Exercises in mutual understanding by one of the best trios in the business, Peterson contributes some lacy piano fancies against sizzling percussion in *I've Never Been in Love Before*; the trio glows warm with sentiment in *The Night We Called It a Day*; and the mood throughout—rare in modern jazz—is of three men who are downright happy about what they play.

The Many Voices of Miriam Makeba (Kapp). Songs from South Africa, Brazil, the West Indies, by a South African singer who, with deep-dyed simplicity and without a tear in the larynx, strikes moods both poignant and compelling. The craftsmanship is there, but it rarely shows.

Desmond Blue (Paul Desmond, with strings; RCA Victor). Brubeck's wonderful saxophonist twines a husky but discreet alto around and through thickets of strings in an album lush in sound, relaxed in mood, bubbly with ideas. Nothing better in years has happened to the likes of *My Funny Valentine* and *Then I'll Be Tired of You*.

The Indispensable Duke Ellington (Duke Ellington and his Orchestra; RCA Victor). The Ellington of the early-to-mid-'40s, when he had newly annexed such talents as Bassist Jimmy Blanton, Saxophonist Ben Webster and Composer-Arranger Billy Strayhorn. Despite some limp efforts, the band—with its growling trumpets, its soft-centered trombones and ricocheting beat—is a delight to hear. High points: Cornetist Rex Stewart's dissertation on *Morning Glory*, Saxophonist Webster's languid solo in Strayhorn's *Chelsea Bridge*.



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SCIENCE

A Cold & Boiling Sea

Among the more inhospitable segments of the earth's surface, the frigid continent of Antarctica remains—for scientists—one of the most magnetic. There is still so much to learn that more than a dozen nations maintain expeditions there. Last week, as they took over their new research ship *Eltanin*, assorted scientists supported by the National Science Foundation prepared to push U.S. exploration still further—into Antarctica's dangerous, storm-churned seas.

Built originally as a small, tough freighter for lugging supplies to Air Force bases in the Arctic, and named after a northern star often used in navigation, *Eltanin* was refitted to the Antarctic scientists' tastes. Her holds are stuffed with well-equipped laboratories. Above, she bristles with the strange apparatus that researchers use to draw new knowledge out of air and sea.

Rich Convergence. Early next April, when *Eltanin* begins her first year-long cruise at the start of the Antarctic winter, she will steam due south from Cape Horn until she reaches the solid pack ice of the Bellingshausen Sea. Then a quartering course will carry the ship many times across the "Antarctic Convergence," where cold water from the south dives under the warmer water of the Atlantic, Pacific and Indian oceans. This region boils with life, from tiny diatoms to whales, and marine biologists believe it may some day become the world's richest source of protein food.

From stem to stern, the *Eltanin* sprouts radio and radar antennas. The biggest of them, an imposing array of two intersecting squares, is specially designed to listen for "whistlers," the strange, low-frequency radio signals that strike down from outside the atmosphere. Most whistlers heard in the Antarctic are believed to originate in lightning flashes in the northern hemisphere. The radio waves apparently climb thousands of miles into the fringes of the ionosphere, guided by the earth's magnetic field; then they curve down again to hit a "coordinate point" in the southern hemisphere.

Global Greenhouse. While *Eltanin*'s biologists ply their nets and trawls and her radiomen tune for whistlers, meteorologists studying the turbulent Antarctic atmosphere will launch weather balloons from a sheltering hangar on the ship's stern. Oceanographers will study the tossing sea water by measuring its temperature, salinity, and oxygen content at all depths ranging up from the bottom. They will chart ocean currents and plunge long tubular probes into the ocean floor. The cores of silt they bring up will give glimpses of Antarctic geologic history over millions of years.

The oceanographers also plan to measure the amount of carbon dioxide that is absorbed from the atmosphere by the icy water of the Antarctic. Many scientists

believe that the carbon dioxide discharged by man's furnaces and engines is accumulating in the atmosphere, where it may some day drastically change earth's climate by acting like the glass of a great, global greenhouse. More cheerful theorists think that cold ocean water takes fresh CO₂ out of the atmosphere as fast as it is generated. Observations made on *Eltanin* may help settle the argument.

Waltz with Detonations

Except for varying brilliance, all sources of stellar light look much the same to the naked eye. But seen through the subtle, prying instruments of modern astronomy, those distant points of light expand into a bewildering variety of stars. Among the strangest are the dwarf novae, described by astronomer Robert P. Kraft of Mount Wilson and Palomar observatories in the *Astrophysical Journal*.

Dwarf novae are dim stars that have the strange habit of flaring up at irregular intervals—increasing their brightness almost 100-fold. Astronomers have often speculated about these periodic changes, but until Dr. Kraft used the great 200-inch Palomar telescope to follow 20 dwarf novae through many bright and dim cycles, no one was sure what caused them. Using telescope and spectrograph, Dr. Kraft kept track of the novae's changing temperature, light and motion. After 30 months he was able to prove that at least seven of them are double stars. The two bodies whirl around each other every few hours, moving up to 165 miles per second, 24 times the speed needed to fling a rocket free of the earth's gravitation.

One of each pair of stars, Dr. Kraft thinks, is probably a white dwarf: a star that has burned so thoroughly that it now consists chiefly of "degenerate" matter, denser than anything known on earth. This remarkable stuff weighs thousands of pounds per cubic inch. The nova's degenerate core is extremely hot, but its surface is covered with a thin, rather cool layer of normal matter. The other star of each pair is all normal matter, mostly hydrogen, and just about the same weight and size as the sun. In many cases, Dr. Kraft is sure the two stars are almost in contact, the white dwarf dancing just above the surface of its big, fluffy partner.

As the larger star whirls through its tight orbit, it spins hydrogen off its surface. Some of this gas is attracted by the white dwarf's intense gravitation. When the layer thickens, some of the hydrogen is forced down into contact with the star's degenerate core, which is as hot as the heart of an exploding H-bomb. Suddenly a nuclear reaction races through the hydrogen, turning it into helium and releasing a vast amount of energy. The little dwarf star flares up, many times brighter than its great partner. Once the crisis is over the stars waltz peacefully through space once more, waiting for the dwarf to accumulate hydrogen for another bright detonation.

RELIGION

The Tithe That Binds

The churches of the U.S. last year received about \$4 billion in donations. If the 112 million Americans who claim a religious affiliation had given one-tenth—the traditional tithe—of their personal income to churches, that total could have topped \$25 billion. Without aspiring to that great a transformation in church revenues, U.S. clergymen are making a strong effort to get their congregations back to the two principles of tithing: giving regularly, and giving a fixed percentage (even if less than 10%) of income.

That no-nonsense tithe collector, the

A Tenth of the Harvest. Historically the tithe meant the first tenth of the harvest that was offered up to God. In *Exodus*, God tells Moses: "Thou shalt not delay to offer the first of thy ripe fruits." Church councils until early modern times regarded tithing as part of divine law.

Except among Mormons, Seventh-day Adventists and a few fundamentalist churches, which follow the traditional practice to the letter, today's approach to tithing is more flexible. A number of Catholic parishes with parochial schools attached split the tithe—5% to the rectory, 5% to the school. Many Protestant



JOHNSTON & USHERS AT ST. ANDREW'S COLLECTION
If everyone did, the total would exceed \$25 billion.

WILL RAFFERTY

U.S. Government, has taken over many of the welfare functions once served by church charity, but U.S. churches see no shortage of things that they could accomplish on bigger budgets. Costs have been rising because of the proliferation of church-centered clubs and weekday activities, the increase (belated) in ministerial and staff salaries, mounting upkeep on church buildings. New church construction has cost \$2 billion in the last two years. The missionary effort in Africa, Asia and Latin America is bigger than ever. And Roman Catholics have the added costs of parochial schools.

In a recent survey, the weekly *Our Sunday Visitor* discovered nearly 300 Catholic parishes whose pastors have already introduced tithing, 1,250 others where the system is scheduled for adoption. At its 66th triennial convocation of bishops in Detroit last year, the Protestant Episcopal Church strongly recommended that ministers introduce tithing. The United Presbyterian Fellowship of Tithing Churches, which had twelve congregations at its founding in 1951, now has 250.

ministers believe that other charity can be counted in. "The tithe should be a means of free expression of thankfulness to God—with the accent on freedom," says Episcopal Canon Rudolf Devik, of Seattle's diocesan stewardship department. "Charity may include anything the person feels is the work of God. It could include the Seattle Symphony. We sort of draw the line at flower clubs."

"We Sell 95%." Churches that have inaugurated tithing often find the gains spectacular. Since 1954, when the Rev. Samuel Johnston began encouraging "percentage giving," the yearly income of St. Andrew's Episcopal Church in Wellesley, Mass., has increased from \$55,000 to \$132,000. The largest Protestant congregation (2,000 families) in Washington, D.C., Mount Vernon Place Methodist Church, inaugurated tithing in 1951 and has pushed income since then from \$100,000 to \$250,000.

U.S. church headquarters are happy to help ministers put over tithing, but a good many pastors have turned to professional fund-raising firms. One such company is

St. Louis' Daze Enterprises, Inc. The firm provides manuals of instruction, outlines for Sunday sermons on tithing and conscience-pricking bulletins for distribution at services (sample headline: HAVE YOU BUDGETED YOURSELF AWAY FROM GOD?). All this leads up to "Intention Sunday," when parishioners make their pledges. Daze's fee: \$2.22 per wage earner in small parishes, \$1.02 in large ones. Boasts President Harry Daze, himself a tither: "We sell 95% of the pastors that we call on."

Some pastors play up the tithers' tax benefits: federal laws allow the taxpayer to deduct up to 30% of gross income as church charity. There are a few ministers who hint at even greater financial benefits. A classic example occasionally cited: Oilman Charles Page, who when down on his luck was told by a Salvation Army lassie that he would prosper if he tithed. Starting by giving her 15¢ out of his last dollar, Page promised to tithe, eventually struck oil. "I couldn't miss," he used to say after he had made his pile. "I was in partnership with the Big Fellow—and he made geology." "Some successful businessmen make a great point of telling how their success dated from the time they took God in with them as a partner," complains California Methodist Dr. Grover Bagby. "To this blasphemous idea it would almost seem in order to make an equally blasphemous reply: 'What a break for God.'"

The Need to Give. More often, ministers and priests who seek to promote tithing emphasize man's need to give, rather than God's need for cash. Tithing thus becomes an act of worship, expressing the giver's personal commitment to God. Says Dr. John Anschutz of Washington's Christ Episcopal Church Georgetown: "We emphasize not so much tithing as the convinced Christian's need to take a serious look at what stewardship really means: it is a definite commitment, a very real investment of one's time, talent and treasure. Tithing is a small proportion of this overall investment."

"Tithers suddenly become concerned about people," says Episcopal Canon Richard Williams of Seattle. "The best tithing parishes are the softest touch for the traveling missionary." Sums up Dr. John Haldeman of Miami's Allapattah Baptist Church: "Sharing in the Lord's work—and I mean contributing time, talents and effort as well as money—is the greatest means of overcoming selfishness. The Scripture says: For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also."

Stern Sentry

Noisiest fulltime guardian of the disputed boundary between religion and Government is P.O.A.U.—Protestants and Other Americans United for Separation of Church and State. P.O.A.U., which last week held its 14th national convention, is well pleased with Catholic John Kennedy's stand against federal aid for church schools (*see EDUCATION*). But it is still suspicious of what Roman Catholics may have in mind—and is getting strong



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support for its fears: its membership has grown 40% since 1959 (to 175,000). P.O.A.U. mostly fights Catholic proposals; currently it objects to a Veterans Administration plan to sell land cheaply to Chicago's Jesuit Loyola University. But there are instances in which it can fight for Catholics; it once backed a fight by a Catholic teacher dismissed from a public school job for sending his children to parochial schools.

Selling Vocations

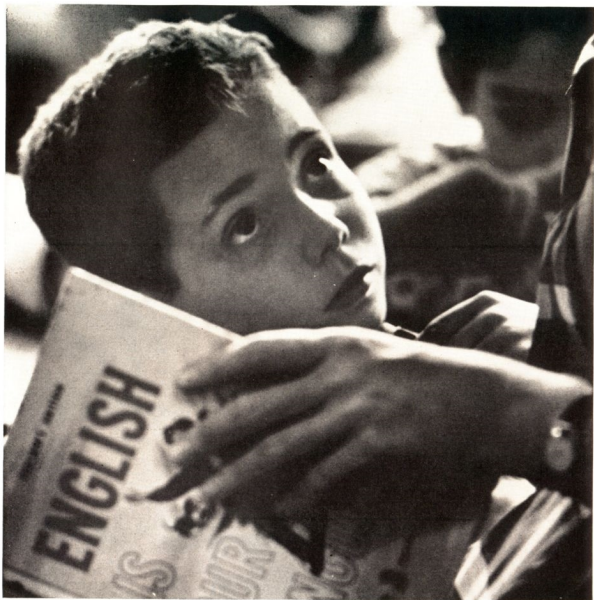
One side of the revolving cutout, 4 ft. high, showed a pert teen-ager dressed for her high school prom; the other side pictured the same beaming lass clothed chastely in the religious habit of a nun. "This Could Be You," said the accompanying sign. The display, put up by Wisconsin's Cenacle nuns, was one of 60 competing exhibits that gave Milwaukee's municipal Auditorium and Arena the look of a spiritual bazaar. The occasion: Wisconsin's 16th annual Catholic Action convention.

The sales message, addressed to 10,122 Roman Catholic teen-agers from 15 states, came hard and soft. The Servants of the Most Holy Trinity propped up a sketch of four black-robed missionaries raising a cross, like marines planting the U.S. flag on Iwo Jima. Ohio's Sisters of the Poor Child Jesus used a picture of a missile. "Ask about your place in and beyond outer space," read their sign. The Religious Hospitalers of St. Joseph from Montreal, who last year used the rocket theme in urging girls to "get into orbit with Christ," this time settled for a display of nun-garbed dolls. "The rocket didn't work out too well," recalled Sister Gladys. "I'm afraid we attracted more boys than girls."

The most startling exhibit was put up by the Redemptorist Fathers: a stuffed anaconda from the jungles of Brazil, where the congregation operates missions. "It's a great crowd-stopper," explained Father John Morton, who takes the 20-ft. serpent with him on his cross-country pursuits of vocations. "Everybody has a gimmick. This is mine."

The most eloquent spiel, perhaps, came from Father Richard Madden, a Discalced (sandal-wearing) Carmelite whose life of Christ, written for teen-agers, once had the working title of *The Divine Rumble*. "I've got a sneaky feeling that teen-agers are coming up with a lot of reasons why they don't want to be priests or nuns," he told 6,000 students at the convention. "A magazine took a survey. One kid said, 'I don't like Latin.' So he'll never be a doctor; who likes blood? He'll never be a dentist; who likes bad breath? He'll never be a ditchdigger, even; who likes dirt?"

Vocational directors use gimmicks as a prelude to serious, persuasive guidance. If a youngster is moved to enroll, all Catholic orders use meticulous procedures to screen genuine vocations from flash-in-the-pan enthusiasms. "We feel we should supply the information," says Brother Eymard Salzman of the Brothers of the Holy Cross. "God supplies the grace."



LIFE PHOTOGRAPH BY HOWARD SOCHUREK

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LIFE

CINEMA

"A Unsuccessful Criminal"

Sail a Crooked Ship (Columbia). A very funny man was the late Ernie Kovacs (TIME, Jan. 19), and never funnier than when he was playing a shtunk. Big, broad-shouldered and vulgarly handsome, he had a way of swaggering up to some pitiful little twerp and sneering down at him as he sucked reflectively on a cigar the size of a fungo bat and stroked a big, black, bushy mustache that seemed to demand insultingly: "Howzat for virility, ya hairless squirt?"

In *Ship*, the last movie he made, Comedian Kovacs plays Bugsy F. Foglemeyer, a might-have-been menace who has plenty of big ideas but unfortunately keeps them in an itty-bitsy brain. "I'm a unsuccessful criminal," Bugsy sighs, "because I had a unhappy childhood. My parents didn't understand me. I spoke English, they spoke Hungarian." To win success and "get my name on the front page of every history book," Bugsy resolves to commit "the greatest crime of the century"—a \$3,000,000 bank robbery in Boston.

Assisted by a menagerie of mugs who are even dumber than he is, Bugsy heats a Liberty ship from the mothball fleet in the Hudson River and sails it to Boston—that tiny brain figures as how the Liberty ship will come in handy for the getaway, but it forgets to figure as how nobody in the gang can operate the overgrown pea pod.

Such petty considerations do not dismay the crew or trouble the captain's mind. When the vessel somehow gets under way, Captain Foglemeyer—the customer can tell he's the captain because he wears a gold-braided hat and keeps rolling two ball bearings around in his hand—calmly goes below with his broad, a slinky brunette named Virgie (Carolyn Jones), not forgetting to give the crew their instructions: "Fatten the hatches!"

When he finds himself on a collision course with a ferryboat, Captain Foglemeyer sticks his head out of the window and hollers: "Get outa da way, ya punk!" When he loses his broad overboard, he squalls: "Make a U-turn!" When he gets caught in a passing hurricane, he lashes himself to the wheel—which proceeds to spin like a top.

In short, before that tub is halfway to the Hub, the spectator understands that what he is giggling at is a shaggy story—nothing so apocalyptically sneaky, of course, as John Huston's deathless *Beat the Devil*, but a piece of fine hairy humor all the same. Deftly adapted by Ruth Brooks Flippen and Bruce Geller from a novel by Nat Benchley, *Ship* is tautly run by Director Irving Brecher, and it carries a competent crew of supporting players: Robert Wagner, Dolores Hart, Frankie Avalon, Frank Gorshin. Naturally, the captain is always in charge. One minute he cheerily pours whisky on his Wheaties. The next, when the mink he



KOVACS LASHED TO WHEEL IN "SHIP"
Whisky on his Wheaties.

gives the broad turns out to be hoked-up hamster, he screeches in outrage: "I'll sue the guy I stole it from!" And again, eying with some concern a low-back frock his honey has laded herself into, he inquires thoughtfully: "Say, Virgie, Ain't you got that dress on backwards?"

Pillow Replumped

Lover Come Back (Universal-International). Rock Hudson is a low-principled adman who has "sown so many wild oats he can qualify for a farm loan." Doris Day is a high-powered adwoman who never gets behind in her work. They both go



ADAMS (AS COW FIDDLE) & DAY IN "LOVER"
Subsidy for wild oats.

after the same account, Doris concentrates on the client's business; Rock pays attention to his pleasure, and he gets the account. Furious, Doris vows to steal an account from Rock—the Vip account. What she doesn't know: there is no such product as Vip. Rock made it up to please a chorus girl (Edie Adams), who swore she'd make a scandal if he couldn't make TV commercials. Released by accident, the commercials create a tremendous demand for a product that does not exist.

To invent a product to satisfy the demand, Rock hires a brilliant, wacky chemist (Jack Kruschen). Doris sneaks in to see the chemist, finds Rock instead, thinks he's the chemist, starts to play up to him. Rock plays along, pretends to be a shy, high-minded scientist who knows plenty about chemistry but has never managed to learn anything about biology. Doris, taken in, offers to teach him. "I'm going to give you confidence," she declares. "Be gentle," Rock says in a small, scared voice.

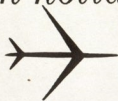
And so on. *Lover* is just a stock-situation comedy, but the situation has been worked out as elegantly as a chess problem: opening gam bit, queen's sacrifice, knight rooked, mate. The same game, more or less, was played in *Pillow Talk*, an amusing and lucrative farce turned out in 1959 by the same scriptwriter, Stanley Shapiro, a onetime gag writer for Fred Allen who is now one of the sharpest word boys in the movie business. But this time the interiors are even more glibly decorative, the fashions more spectacularly inconsequential, the colors more hormone-creamy, the lines more jerky-smirky ("A kiss is like lighting a stove. It doesn't prove that you can cook"), Edie Adams and Jack Oakie provide bright bits. But Doris Day, 37, is filmed in soft focus to conceal her wrinkles, and sometimes unfortunately her features disappear too. Furthermore, Rock Hudson, the over-sized, undertalented ex-postman from Winnetka, Ill., still has not learned to deliver the male. Best line is punched out by Tony Randall, playing as usual the sort of neurotic who, when hurt, hollers "Couch!" When the chemist cooks up a batch of intoxicating mints, Tony gobbles a fistful, gets drunk and belligerent. "Drunk!" he bellows. "Whaddya mean, drunk? I can (hic) hold my candy!"

What Should Mother Do?

Light in the Piazza (M-G-M), developed from a popular novella by Elizabeth Spencer, is an intelligent and charming "woman's picture" that tells the story of a rich American couple (Olivia de Havilland and Barry Sullivan) with an emotionally harrowing problem: they have a mentally defective daughter (Yvette Mi-mieux). Kicked by a pony in childhood, the girl has the mind of a ten-year-old girl in the body of a startlingly beautiful young woman. In fact, the girl's sensuous attractions are so spectacular that most young men thoughtlessly fail to notice her mental limitations.

As the story begins, mother and daughter are having a holiday in Florence, the

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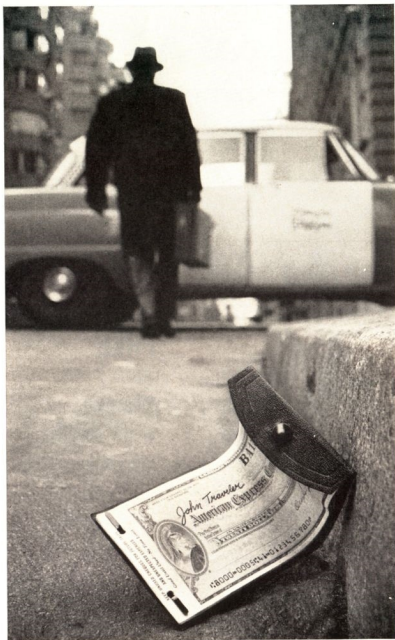
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Florence of full summer, blue sky and golden stones, with the lazy Arno flowing under and Brunelleschi's grand dome floating over all. A darkly handsome young Italian (George Hamilton) of good family falls suddenly, Meditterribly in love with the blonde beauty, and the girl falls instantly, Americandily in love with him. What should the mother do? On the one hand, she longs to see her daughter married; on the other, she fears with good reason that the mental demands of marriage would be too much for her. Still, the girl is quite healthy in her feelings: innocent, loving, obedient. She would make a good mother, an excellent physical partner. In the end, the mother overcomes her doubts and even her scruples—she decides not only to permit the marriage but also



MIMIEUX & DE HAVILLAND IN "LIGHT"
A woman's body without a woman in it.

to conceal the girl's condition from the boy and his family.

The girl's chances for happiness in her unequal partnership are pitifully slim. But Director Guy (*The Mark*) Green—with the help of Scriptwriter Julius (*Tender Trap*) Epstein, who at a dozen points has strengthened the motivation of the characters and the plausibility of the plot—plays so skillfully on the spectator's sentiments that even strong men may find themselves sniffling with joy at the poor kid's wedding. Green's management of the actors is also superb; every member of the cast performs at the top of his talent, and the 19-year-old girl who plays the defective will inevitably be nominated for an Academy Award. Mimieux mimes with subtlety and restraint; she simply behaves like any other well-developed, not-very-bright girl in her late teens, except for an ever-so-slight blankness in the eyes. When the spectator is suddenly shown this flawed creature splashing and giggling in the bathtub with a cute little plastic duck, a shudder goes through him—a woman's body without a woman in it is an eerie and disturbing thing to see.

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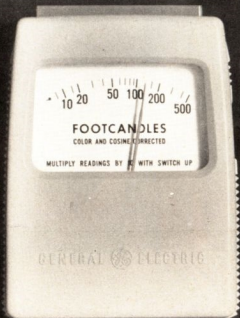


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BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

Statesmanship in Steel

An appropriate indication of the present mood in the steel industry lies in the date picked for the opening of 1962 contract negotiations—St. Valentine's Day. Amid mutual professions of sweetness and statesmanship, both labor and management last week spread word that they expect no repetition of 1959's disastrous, 116-day strike, have decided to start their talks earlier than before so that they can iron out their differences well before the current three-year contract expires on June 30. Bluff David J. McDonald, 59, president of the United Steelworkers, was jocularly casual about how he expected to start bargaining with his laconic adversary, U.S. Steel Corp. Executive Vice President R. (for Richard) Conrad Cooper. Said McDonald: "I'll call Coop and say I think we've got the rooms and are ready to go."

Looking for a Cushion. With his union's membership among basic steelworkers down 23% since 1957, McDonald has reason to go easy. Following his lead, the Steelworkers' wage-policy committee last week scrapped its customary pre-bargaining talk of big pay boosts and 32-hour weeks, came out instead with general bargaining goals that management officially hailed as "a more moderate approach than in the past."

To cushion the blow of automation-induced layoffs, the union asked for higher unemployment benefits, guarantees that high-seniority workers would be the last fired and that laid-off workers would have first call on new openings, and that some of them would be retrained for other jobs within the steel industry. To spread available work, the union wanted less overtime, more holidays, longer vacations, paid sabbaticals. Higher wages were only vaguely mentioned. The union is aware



END OF A SHIFT AT U.S. STEEL'S HOMESTEAD (PA.) WORKS
The White House wanted a quick, moderate settlement.

dent Kennedy, who is determined that 1962's economic comeback will not be halted by a steel strike.

Early last September, the President wrote twelve steel company chiefs, urging

timates of the long-term annual rise in steel productivity fall between 2.1% (for blue-collar workers only) and 1.8% (including white-collar workers). On that basis, one top steelmaker figures that "we can eat a 2% to 2½% yearly increase in labor costs without raising prices."

Steelmen expect that a deal within that range will be closed, perhaps within a month. "It looks encouraging as hell," said one industry spokesman. Barring an unexpected bog-down in negotiations—or some unanticipated demand by the union—peace at a reasonable price seems the outlook.

WEEKLY EARNINGS



them to battle inflation by holding the price line, pledged that if they did so, he would urge steelworkers to temper their wage demands. Since then, he has wooed U.S. Steel Chairman Roger Blough in private chats. Fortnight ago, Kennedy and Labor Secretary Arthur Goldberg huddled secretly for two hours one evening in the White House with McDonald and Blough. Kennedy wants 1) a quick settlement to head off any first-half splurge and second-half slump in inventory buying, 2) no increase in prices, and 3) only such wage and benefit increases as are warranted by increased productivity.

The Right Price. Productivity is a notoriously slippery statistic. For one thing, it rises abnormally fast in recoveries when production picks up more rapidly than hiring. But Government es-

RETAILING

New Boss at Sears

Two weeks ago in Los Angeles, Austin Thomas Cushman, 60, vice president in charge of the West Coast operations of Sears, Roebuck & Co., got a career-capping phone call from Sears Chairman Charles H. Kellstadt. Kellstadt, who four months ago reached Sears's customary retirement age of 65, wanted to know whether Cushman would like to replace him in his \$158,000-a-year job. It was quite a prospect: Sears, the giant Chicago-based retailing empire, counts one U.S. family in three among its customers. Last year it racked up sales of \$4.5 billion on 140,000 items from mink coats to castration bands (for farm use). This week, in the Sears tradition that the outgoing chief taps his own successor, Kellstadt will submit Cushman's nomination to the board of directors. Approval by Sears's 160,000 stockholders next May is a foregone conclusion.

"I Can Sell." Skipping over half a dozen other candidates, including President Crowds Baker, 55, Kellstadt picked



that its members want job security more than raises (their pay envelopes are already fatter than those of workers in any other production industry) and would rather collect layoff benefits (which now run as high as 65% of after-tax pay) than the union's meager strike benefits.

Carrot & Stick. The steelmakers, too, are feeling conciliatory. Remembering 1959, they do not want to be blamed again for triggering a recession that would hurt their industry more than most. They are also feeling the pressure applied by Presi-

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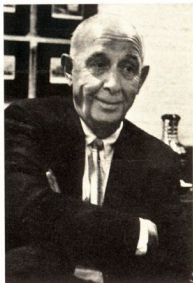
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TOM CARROLL—PI

AUSTIN CUSHMAN
Right off the same rack.

a successor who is remarkably like himself. Both Kellstadt and Cushman broke into retailing by working in dry goods and clothing stores owned by their fathers, both have headed one of Sears's five big regional divisions, and both wear clothes that look as if they come off the Sears racks (and do). New Mexico-born, Cushman left the University of California after his junior year to join Sears's archrival, Montgomery Ward, rose to a department manager in Oakland, but quit in 1930 rather than take a Depression demotion.* He joined Sears as a part-time salesman, by 1949 had climbed to command of the eight-state Western region.

"I'm not a dynamic character, but I'm a good businessman," says Cushman. "I like people. I can sell, and I love to make money." Among other things, Cushman sold Sears's board on spending more for expansion in the West than in any other region, with the result that the company's Western sales have spurred 200% since 1949 (v. a nationwide increase of 98%). He also won a reputation for surrounding himself with salesmen as energetic as himself. "A salesman," says Cushman, as he pops a piece of chewing gum into his mouth, "has to be friendly, and he has to be sincere. He has to know his product and believe in what he is selling."

"We Can't Stop Trying." Cushman's chief job over the next three years will be to carry out a \$210 million expansion program that is Kellstadt's legacy to Sears and an even more ambitious growth plan than General Robert Wood's \$300 million, six-year (1946-52) expansion bet on a postwar boom.

Under the new plan, which is to be bankrolled out of earnings and deprecia-

* Cushman will be the third former Ward's employee to become chairman of Sears. The others: General Robert E. Wood, who was fired by Ward in 1924, and Theodore Houser, who quit Ward to follow Wood in 1928.

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PAULUCCI

tion, Sears will open 37 new stores, dress up 69 of its 741 existing ones, increase floor space by 14%. In addition, Sears plans more sales of services. It intends to expand its Allstate auto clubs and travel plans, is already dickering to buy its second savings and loan association and is investigating the idea of going into mutual funds.

Says Salesman Cushman: "I don't think we'll ever be in a position to get all the business in the world—but we can't stop trying. I love to hear the sound of that cash register ringing."

CORPORATIONS

Sweet Success, Chinese Style

For over a year, California Comic Stan Freberg has been delighting U.S. radio audiences with zany commercials featuring the so-called "Chun Kingston Trio" in such far-out "folk songs" as *Oh, Handle Me Down My Walking Chow Mein*. Last week, turning to television, Freberg outdid himself on an hour-long "Salute to the Chinese New Year." In his shrewd parodies of familiar television fare, Freberg so amused the critics that they generally forgave him for turning the program into one long plug for Chinese chow, capped by the slogan: "Buy two cans of our chow mein: one for now and one for when you're hungry an hour later."

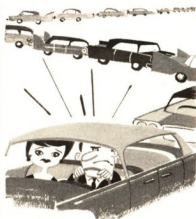
Such purposeful foolery, cooked up by Freberg in cooperation with the Manhattan ad agency he whimsically refers to as Batten, Barton, Durstine & Yangpoo, have helped make a flamboyant, 43-year-old businessman named Jeno Paulucci (pronounced Puh-loo-chee) the nation's most successful manufacturer of Chinese food. Barely 15 years old, Paulucci's Duluth-based Chun King Corp. now rings up more than half of all U.S. sales of packaged Chinese food. Chun King's gross climbed 15% to \$30 million last year, and Pau-

lucci—who owns the whole company—expects a still fatter gain this year.

The Good Earth. Puckish, pint-sized (5 ft. 5 in.) Jeno Paulucci, an Italian immigrant's son from the Minnesota iron range, started in the food business helping his mother sell home-canned pasta in her living room, later worked as a sidewalk vegetable barker and roaming grocery salesman. Just after World War II, he bought a Chinese food cannery in Duluth, and in 1947 began to turn out a spicy chow mein derived from recipes that he whipped up himself on his mother's stove. "It's not so bland as Chinese chow mein," he explains.

In constructing his food empire, which now stretches from frozen egg foo yung to a fruit pie-filling firm called Northland Foods, Paulucci adhered to a two-point credo: "Cut out the middleman" and "Take advantage of waste." Shopping for bargains around the world, Chun King buys beef from Australia and shrimp from Ecuador, contracts directly with Chippewa Indians for wild rice and with Oklahoma and Texas farmers for mung beans, from which bean sprouts are grown. The simpler ingredients, such as celery and mushrooms, Chun King produces for itself—and here the profiting from waste enters. When Paulucci found out that the dirt in which the mushrooms grew was good for only one crop yet still contained rich compost, he started a flourishing business selling it as potting soil.

Slippery Sauce. Oddly enough, the only time Paulucci ran into trouble was in selling Italian food. Four years ago, he decided to market his mother's version of tomato sauce and other Italian delicacies under the trade name Jeno, and put on a noisy sales campaign with company executives dashing around garbed in the Jeno symbol, a wide Italian hat. "Trouble was," says Paulucci, "we were selling a symbol, not a product. It was an utter



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failure." He lost \$200,000, now sells only spaghetti sauce and pizza mix.

Getting back to the main line, Paulucci currently is forging a chain of pagoda-roofed Chinese drive-ins called Riksha Inns. No. 1 inn opened this week in Orlando, Fla., and others are to open soon in Dallas, Houston and Seattle. As usual, the idea is a double enter. "We have found," says Jeno Paulucci, "that wherever the most Chinese restaurants are located, we sell the most Chun King."

BUSINESS ABROAD

Importing the Sherman Act

Much as they may inveigh against over-zealous trustbusting, most U.S. businessmen agree that one reason why U.S. industry has outstripped Europe over most of the past half-century has been Europe's easy tolerance of cartels. Last week in Brussels, the Ministerial Council of the six-nation Common Market approved the toughest antitrust regulation Europe has ever seen. Binding on all Common Market members under the 1957 Treaty of Rome, the new regulation will also affect U.S. businessmen who sell their products in the Common Market, manufacture within it, or have patent or license deals with firms that do.

Barred under the new Common Market regulation will be any agreements "which are likely to affect trade between member states and which have as their object or result the prevention, restriction or distortion of competition within the Common Market." Companies are required to declare by Aug. 1 the details of existing agreements that come within this sweeping language—or suffer penalties if they are discovered later. Any company that fails to scrap or revise an offending agreement can be fined up to \$1,000,000.

Correcting the Common. To enforce the new regulation and to pass upon the acceptability of past and future cartel agreements, the Common Market has a trustbusting department headed by Dutch Economist Pieter VerLoren van Themaat, 45, who rejoices in the resounding title of Director General of Competition. After talking things over with him, George Nebolsine, a top New York international lawyer, concluded that "the department is not going to be lenient." Nebolsine also believes that it may well challenge "such very common business practices as the appointment of exclusive dealers in a foreign country, restrictions under patent and know-how licenses, joint ventures for the production of components or materials, and distribution arrangements."

Clearly, a lot of litigation lies ahead. The Common Market members are thin on legal precedent in the antitrust field: France, Germany, Belgium and The Netherlands have relatively lax national antitrust laws, while Italy and Luxembourg have none at all. This free-and-easy situation results partly from the reality that the economy of Italy, for example, can support only one automaking giant such as Fiat. The Common Market trustbusters are not expected to attack bigness as such. But they are expected to crack down on "abuses" of bigness such as price fixing and market sharing. Officials of VerLoren van Themaat's department are empowered to dig into the books of any company operating in the Common Market.

Early Warning. Many U.S. entrepreneurs in the Common Market still have to worry about possible antitrust prosecution from three different quarters—the U.S., the European nation in which they are operating and the Common Market. In some respects, they are apt to find the Common Market code the clearest and easiest to comply with. In contrast to the U.S., where the Justice Department cannot always predict whether the courts will find a proposed deal in violation of the antitrust laws, businessmen are promised a solid ruling in advance from the Common Market trustbusters. Equally important, the Common Market commission is expected to condone any cartel that it judges to be economically necessary or beneficial.

The prospect of U.S. businesses competing against the emerging giants of the Common Market is prompting some reevaluation of U.S. antitrust laws. Though no one talks of emasculating the Sherman or Clayton acts, there are already suggestions that the U.S. may have to be more lenient toward bigness in business if it is to compete effectively in today's bigger world market.

PERSONAL FILE



LONG

- Chomping away at his customary cigar, Texaco Inc.'s soft-spoken Chairman **Augustus C. Long**, 57, prepared to swap \$200 million worth of Texaco shares for the TXL Oil Corp., a crude oil producer with mineral rights on nearly 2,000,000 acres in oil-rich west Texas. The TXL acquisition will be the third Texaco takeover of a major crude producer since Long became chairman six years ago. He is a determined Annapolis graduate (1926) who quit the Navy because he decided he would never make admiral. His emphasis on domestic crude production has paid off royally for Texaco, helped boost the company's 1961 earnings to a record \$430 million, v. \$392 million in 1960.



ROSEMAN

- Striving to fend off the mounting wrath of Wall Street investors over movie-making losses that have risen to more than \$30 million in the past three years, 20th Century-Fox Film Corp. last week elected amiable Judge **Samuel I. Rosenman**, 66, chairman of the board. Lawyer Rosenman, former adviser to Presidents Roosevelt and Truman, will preside at the often explosive executive committee meetings, though President Spyros P. Skouras will still be in operating control. "The Judge will provide a very stabilizing influence," said one executive.



KRAVIE

- Boston's Raytheon Co. is a research-minded electronics manufacturer (1961 sales: \$563 million) with a spotty record in profits. To boost earnings, President Charles Francis Adams five years ago brought in as executive vice president hard-driving Harold S. Geneen, but in 1959, chafing under Adams' unwillingness to give him the presidency, Geneen jumped to I.T. & T. Upping his price, Adams next brought in, from Ford, lean, genial **Richard Kravie** (rhymes with taffy), 54, and soon set up a "tandem management" arrangement under which Kravie, as president, and Adams, as chairman, shared control of the company with neither having the final say. Explained Kravie: "If we were that far apart, one of us would just have to go." Last week, finding himself that far apart, Kravie resigned, leaving Adams to reassume the presidency. The reason: a series of policy disagreements culminating in Kravie's opposition to the appointment of coming young Engineer Thomas Phillips, 37, as executive vice president.

PUBLIC POLICY

Shares in Space

Within the next decade, an earth-girdling satellite system will relay telephone and TV signals to the remotest corners of the world. Both in Congress and the communications industry the burning question is: Who will own the satellites? Rising to champion private industry, Oklahoma's Democratic Senator Robert S. Kerr has introduced a bill that would give ownership to a consortium of established U.S. communications companies, presumably led by such titans as A.T. & T. and RCA. In the House, New York Democrat William Fitts Ryan has introduced a bill calling for the creation of a TVA in space.

Last week, ending a long debate within the Administration, President Kennedy produced his own middle-road proposal. The President's plan endorsed the principle of private ownership but suggested a form of private ownership that would be restricted and somewhat unrewarding.

White House Watchdog. Under the Kennedy plan, Congress would authorize the creation of a privately owned company—called the Communications Satel-

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lite Corp.—which would be financed through public sale of securities. Its activities would be overseen by a committee of Government watchdogs reporting directly to the President.

The company would count on raising most of its capital through a \$1 billion issue of class A common stock, which would be sold through normal brokerage channels and be open to the general public at a price of not less than \$1,000 per share—a provision intended to discourage speculation by small investors. Class A shareholders would have the right to vote and to receive dividends. To protect the new corporation from domination by any single company, Kennedy suggested that no shareholder should own more than 15% of the voting shares or cast ballots for more than two of the anticipated nine to 13 directors.

Kennedy's only concession to the communications companies was the proposal to create a second issue of common stock—class B—which would be sold only to FCC-approved communications companies. Class B stock would carry neither voting rights nor dividends, but the companies would be able to treat the cost of the shares as capital investments, thus increasing the base upon which their rates to customers is calculated.

Risks & Rewards. Assuming that Congress accepts the President's plan, the new company is not expected to turn a profit for at least ten years. Aside from the heavy costs of establishing ground facilities and hiring a large staff, the new company would have to buy at least 43 communication satellites at an estimated \$1,500,000 apiece and pay the government about \$6,000,000 for each launching. And even after the satellite system is in orbit, the Government is likely to keep the company's profits lean by insisting on periodic reductions in rates.

REAL ESTATE

Doctor in the House

While nationwide debate boils on over the issue of medical care for the aged, California Builder Ross Cortese, 45, is doing well with his own solution to the problem. At Rossmoor Leisure World, a \$150 million cooperative-apartment development that Cortese is building 25 miles south of Los Angeles, the cost of medical care for residents will be included in the price of each apartment.

Specifically designed for the elderly, with ramps instead of stairs and sitdown showers instead of bathtubs, Rossmoor will have 6,750 apartments selling at prices from \$10,350 to \$12,100. Purchasers must be at least 52 and must pass a physical exam designed to eliminate everyone with a contagious disease. The down payments for apartments begin at \$935, and monthly payments thereafter are \$95 to \$105. About \$10 of each monthly payment together with \$200 of the down payment will go into a medical fund to be administered by Blue Cross of Southern California. The medical fund will support ten resident doctors including a psychiatrist, 26 registered nurses on call round the clock, a free dispensary, a laboratory and X-ray room and 24-hour ambulance service. It will also pay tenant claims for outside medical services, except hospitalization.

Although the first Rossmoor apartments will not be ready until April 1, eager customers (average age: 62; average income: \$4,000) have already snapped up 1,310 of them. Meantime, Builder Cortese—who will turn management of Rossmoor over to a nonprofit tenants' association once the apartments are all sold—is eyeing sites for other Leisure Worlds near San Juan Capistrano, San Francisco, Washington, D.C., Chicago and New York City.

MILESTONES

Died. Cândido Portinari, 58, painter laureate of Brazil who sought to capture his country's garish blend of poverty and promise in giant murals done with a fiery palette mixed from Brazilian earths; of a stroke following cumulative lead poisoning induced by his own pigments; in Rio de Janeiro. An Italian immigrant's son who once painted signs for mule carts, Portinari was the first South American ever given a one-man show by Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art, and, though an avowed Communist for much of his career, accepted commissions for a portrait of former Brazilian President Jânio Quadros for TIME's cover (June 30, 1961), the monumental War and Peace panels in the U.N. General Assembly, and a series of church murals.

Died. Teodósio Clemente Cardinal de Gouveia, 72, Archbishop of Lourenço Marques in the Portuguese territory of Mozambique, a scholarly apostle of Catholic education whose elevation to the

Sacred College in 1946 made him the first cardinal in Africa; of leukemia; in Mozambique.

Died. Robert Allen Stranahan Sr., 75, bluff board chairman of Toledo's Champion Spark Plug Co. (and father of Professional Golfer Frank Stranahan), who started making spark plugs as a hobby after his graduation from Harvard in 1908, ultimately built his spare-time enterprise into a \$100 million business in automotive parts and accessories; after a long illness; in Toledo.

Died. Edward C. Yellowley, 88, nemesis of Prohibition-era bootleggers, a Mississippi-born revenooer who harried the Capone mob with the aid of "The Untouchables," blazed a trail of shut speakeasies from San Francisco to Washington, D.C., but lost heart in New York, admitting that it would take a million agents to mop the metropolis dry; of a heart attack; in Chicago.



ROBERT REID



HOFFMAN—INTERNATIONAL

AS THE SICKNESS SPREAD BETWEEN THE WARS: A CASTLE IN WALES & HITLERITES INVADING MUNICH SQUARE (1923)
In the mysterious metaphysics of the heart, the shape of history.

Catastrophe in Their Bones

THE FOX IN THE ATTIC (352 pp.)—
Richard Hughes—Harper (\$4.50).

When the generals, journalists and politicians have had their say, the last word on war and the portents of war belongs to the poets, playwrights and novelists.

For those much under 60, World War I is the creation of Graves and Hemingway, Remarque and Dos Passos, R. C. Sherriff's *Journey's End* and Maxwell Anderson's *What Price Glory?* World War II, though less well served, had its Mailer and James Jones in the U.S., Monsarrat and Waugh in Europe. But where is the panoptic work which would survey the between-wars generations that carried catastrophe in their bones like a disease?

An unlikely candidate has addressed himself to this huge task: Richard Hughes, a 62-year-old Welshman, known mainly for a single, classic novel published in 1929, *A High Wind in Jamaica* (called *The Innocent Voyage* in the U.S.). Since then, like his compatriot, E. M. Forster, he has become a conspicuous example of that 20th century phenomenon, the great novelist who does not write novels. *The Fox in the Attic*, his first novel in 24 years, is the first installment of a grand design, *The Human Predicament*, intended as a fictional study of the demonic forces that shattered the ancient mosaic of European civilization.

The project might seem doomed to failure by its own pretension. Yet English critics have invoked the name of Tolstoy in praising *The Fox in the Attic*. No one has caviled that Hughes, who was too young for combat in World War I and too old for combat in World War II, should have chosen to write about both. After all, Tolstoy wrote *War and Peace* a half-century after Borodino. Hughes himself sets his sights even higher; it occurred to him in the middle of World War II, he

explains, that "if I turned my back on it, it was rather as if Homer had turned his back on the siege of Troy."

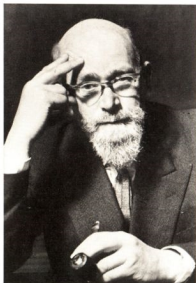
Relics of Feudalism. Hughes begins his history of the time of troubles as history itself begins—in apparent inconsequence. Hughes does not endow his characters with his own hindsight but sets them moving blindly into orbit. Augustine Penry-Herbert is the protagonist. In 1923, he is a young aristocrat, just out of Oxford, who spends his time shooting geese and snipe on the wild marshes of the coast of north Wales. His ancestral house, Newton Llantony, is servantless, its furniture shrouded in dust cloths. He ignores his feudal standing in the village, which is peopled by eccentrics, beldames, drunks and brawlers. "These relics of feudalism,"

he muses, "such relationships . . . were equally ruinous to the servant and the served." Augustine is enlightened; he belongs to an age that Freud, Marx and Einstein have liberated from God and other superstitions.

The reader, told that this is supposed to be a history of the times, is baffled, but finding himself reading about a lonely aristocrat living in a remote Welsh backwater, through an art that is little short of magical, he slowly comes to understand and accept Augustine, with his pacifist, anarchist rationalism, as a type-figure of his English class and generation.

The Weakness. Augustine's "private dream" is honorable enough—a world of peaceful and reasonable men. How it becomes the "public nightmare" of World War II is adumbrated in this book, as Hughes makes clear his conviction that historic events are rooted in the mysterious metaphysics of the heart. The weakness of Augustine's England is reflected in Gilbert, his Liberal M.P. brother-in-law, a man with "permanently indignant eyes" who is concerned solely with his intrigues against "that nasty little goat." Lloyd George, and thinks "free trade" is the major issue of the day. There is also Jeremy, a cynical Tory friend from Oxford, who, thanks to Freud, is also a member of the first generation in the whole history of the human race completely to disbelieve in sin. He gibes at Augustine for "his rooted dislike of ever giving orders." "Can't you see it's intolerable for the ruled themselves when the ruling class abdicates?" he asks, and predicts that Augustine's head will fall into the laps of the village *tricoteuses*.⁶

Jeremy is right; it is the village women who set Augustine adrift on his voyage out of innocence. Shooting in the sea marsh, he has come upon the body of a




DESEN BATES

RICHARD HUGHES
In secret places of the mind, crimes.

* The knitting women who sat at the feet of the guillotine during the French Terror.

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young girl and carried it home to save it from being devoured by marsh rats. After the inquest, village tongues wag, stones are thrown, and Augustine leaves under a cloud of evil gossip to travel. He chooses Germany because he has cousins there.

Munich Was Hell. Here the novel begins to reveal its announced design. This may be reduced to a quasi-theological conundrum. In the absence of God, the English, victorious but emotionally drained, did not think it was necessary to invent a new one; the defeated Germans, humiliated and unreconciled to humiliation, invented, or reinvented, something sinister—the old tribal warrior-deities.

To the innocent Augustine, Germany is full of "lovely people," its countryside under the snow as pretty as a set of picture postcards. He had expected to find the new Germany pacific and progressive. It is only slowly that he comes to see the Munich of 1923 as a hell "where justice is not being done and seen not to be done." He recognizes confusedly that "in England, the ending of the war had come like waking from a bad dream; in defeated Germany, as the signal for deeper levels of nightmare." Society had been fragmented into "men living desperately incommunicado like men rendered voiceless by an intervening vacuum." In their nightmare, "these suffering people" saw devils and named them "Jews, Communists, Capitalists, Catholics, Cabalists."

The Microcosm. Hughes does not write with a researcher's smug wisdom-after-the-event but with an artist's power of recording the past as if it were the living present. His method is that of creating a system of related microcosms (thus saving nine-tenths of the wordage of the usual novel of public events). In the German half of *The Fox in the Attic*, the microcosm is the family of Augustine's baronial kin, who live in a huge old castle near Munich.

At first, the Von Kessens seem to Augustine merely odd. They shoot foxes, and twin children are punished by being dog-chained to the castle wall. Uncle Otto broods about the defeat of the German army and the insolence of the Red militiamen roaming the Ruhr. His young cousin Franz speculates on the nature of politics and violence with a mystical intensity that shocks the rationalistic Englishman. There is a pet fox in the attic. Also in the attic, though Augustine does not know it, is a young, half-crazed fanatic sought by the police as a member of a proto-Nazi assassin band dedicated to the murder of liberal politicians. This ur-Nazi hangs himself before he can enact his fantasies of "purifying" Germany through selective murder, leaving another fox in another attic, Adolf Hitler, to climb to his yet unimaginable destiny.

The long passages on the Munich beer-hall politics of 1923, Hitler's escape, hiding and capture are a tour de force of dreamlike action. Hughes makes totally credible the incredible figure in the stained trench coat, hypocritically making his devil's incantations and stuffing cream puffs in his pockets—an ogre sowing the wind,

WILLIAM McHALE: ROME Bill McHale bounced into journalism off an unusual springboard—the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration. “I am,” he says, “probably the only working reporter among the now eminent members of the class of ‘47.”

Before business school, McHale had served with the Coast Guard in World War II for four years, “part of it on an allegedly anti-submarine vessel so slow we didn’t dare drop depth charges off our stern for fear of blowing off our own screws.”

Shortly after joining *TIME*—following two years as writer and columnist for a business magazine—McHale enjoyed what he calls “three months as resident American oracle” on the *London Economist*, part of an exchange program between *TIME* and *The Economist*. Subsequent assignments took him to *TIME* bureaus in Washington, London, Paris and Beirut.

McHale became bureau chief in Beirut in January, 1959, “just in time to go on to Baghdad and cover a bloody Communist attempt to take over Iraq. Premier Kassem gave me a long, courteous interview for a cover story, plus a personally autographed photo. Two days later I was thrown out of the country.” Other Middle East McHale highlights included a dramatic dressing down by the Shah of Iran and the first interview by an American correspondent with Turkey’s General Cemal Gursel.

Just short of two years in the Middle East, McHale moved on to become *TIME*’s bureau chief in Rome. With his wife and two children he occupies a mostly modern apartment carved out of a 16th century *palazzo*. Of Rome he says: “The pace here is slower, but the coverage goes deeper. For the moment, the Italian people seem largely unroiled by news from abroad. The design in the carpet is less flamboyant than in the Middle East, but figuring out its meaning is no less difficult.”

TIME *The Weekly Newsmagazine*



though only the reader has a foreknowledge of the whirlwind to be reaped.

Competent Genius. *The Human Predicament* seems an overly ambitious undertaking for a man who has only two novels, and a collection of children's stories to his credit in 61 years. But Hughes shares the confidence in his genius that has been expressed by eminent men (T. E. Lawrence, Yeats, Graves) since his undergraduate days at Oxford, where he was graduated with minimal honors. *A High Wind in Jamaica* was far more than just another story of children; it was a philosophical fantasy with a cutting edge, seeking to overthrow long-held sentimental notions of childhood, arguing that in reality children are fearful, secret, ritualistic, and innocent only in the sense that savages are innocent.

As a first installment, *Fox* alone has taken six years of work. To underpin his imagination, Hughes read through the entire Nürnberg trial transcript, traveled to Germany, Switzerland, Sweden, Denmark and Poland to interview "dozens" of people who knew Hitler personally in the Munich days—including a boy who used to call Hitler "Uncle Dolf." His prize find: an old newspaper file containing the diary of a participant in the 1923 Munich putsch.

Magisterially aloof, Hughes lives alone with his wife (his family of five is now grown up) in a cottage on the coast of Wales near the village his longtime friend Dylan Thomas immortalized in *Under Milkwood*. When not writing, he has kept busy enough, bustling around the world. He was a friend of Moroccan Chieftain El Glaui, has hobnobbed with Balkan rebels, shipped on freighters, and he has been described as a "sea pirate come to land." In 1924, he wrote what is called Britain's first radio drama, *Danger*, for which he still gets royalties; he served a wartime stint with the British Admiralty, and then wrote a history of naval procurement in World War II.

The Fox in the Attic, as a fragment of a larger design still only sketchily filled in, often has an exasperatingly patchwork quality. But Hughes has an uncanny ability to bring even his minor characters to haunting life with a minimum of means, and in the end, the book's scenes linger stubbornly in the memory. *Fox* becomes a more convincing parable of the sickness of Europe after the first of the two world wars than a hundred expositions on the public level of politics. For Hughes believes that the roots of the huge crimes of this century may only be sought in the dark and secret places of man's mind.

Life in a Loony Bin

ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST (311 pp.)—Ken Kesey—Viking (\$4.95).

The world of this brilliant first novel is Inside—inside a mental hospital and inside the blocked minds of its inmates. Sordid sights and sounds abound, but Novelist Kesey has not descended to mere shock treatment or isolation-ward documentary. His book is a strong, warm

story about the nature of human good and evil, despite its macabre setting. For as the boardinghouse provided a stock slice-of-life locale for another generation of writers, the sanitarium seems to appeal to many modern writers as a comparable microcosm of the times.⁸

The narrator is a giant of a man, the half-breed son of an Indian chief. Scarred by World War II and his white mother's destruction of his proud father, he opts out of things so completely that for years the staff of the mental hospital have believed him to be deaf and dumb. His skewed observation of the ward-world is well managed; the reader has a vivid



KEN KESAY
Tilt for the nice normalities.

sense both of "the Chief's" sick perceptions and of the reality behind them.

The ward has two kinds of citizens: the Chronicles (the Walkers, the Wheelers and the Vegetables) and the Acutes, who have hope of being fixed up and sent back Outside, where, the Chief is convinced, everything is run by "the Combine." Chief representative of the Combine in the hospital is a purse-mouthed Sataness known as Big Nurse. Big Nurse is a specialist in control; she controls everyone—the patients and the doctors and the "black boys" who clean up the ward and push the Chronicles around. "She wields a sure power that extends in all directions on hairlike wires too small for anybody's eye but mine; I see her sit in the center of this web of wires like a watchful robot, tend her network with mechanical insect

skill, know every second which wire runs where and just what current to send up to get the results she wants."

Savior of the ward—and especially the Chief—from the organized inhumanity of Big Nurse is a patient named Randle Patrick McMurphy. A laughing, brawling, gambling man of the world, McMurphy begins his duel with Big Nurse in sheer human exuberance and ends it in a grim, heroic struggle to the death.

Author Kesey, 26, who worked as a nursing assistant in the mental wards of two California hospitals while he was writing his novel, has used his empathy with the Insider's view of the Outsider's world to tilt the reader's comfortable assumption about the nice normalities, has made his book a roar of protest against middlebrow society's Rules and the invisible Rulers who enforce them. But Kesey's lunatics and his story are full of gaiety too—including a wild ward party complete with wine, women and song. As the Chief says admiringly of Randle P. McMurphy: "He won't let the pain blot out the humor no more'n he'll let the humor blot out the pain."

One v. Two

CASSANDRA AT THE WEDDING (226 pp.)—Dorothy Baker—Houghton Mifflin (\$4).

When Dorothy Baker published *Young Man with a Horn* (1938), the thinly disguised story of the great jazz trumpeter Bix Beiderbecke, expectations for her future ran high. The book evoked the bravura of the jazz cult with dash and devotion, if also a dash of sentimentalism. Her two subsequent novels remained merely promising. *Cassandra* is her long-awaited fourth novel, written 24 years after her first, and presumably a mature work. It is a crushing disappointment.

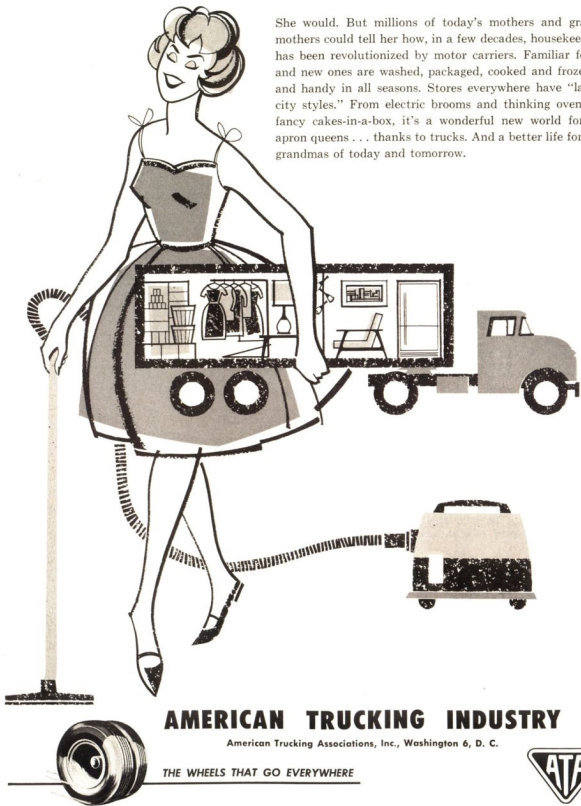
The story concerns Cassandra Edwards' neurotic, domineering attachment for her twin sister Judy. Judy leaves the family ranch in Southern California to study music in the East, returns a year later with a fiancé in tow, Cass, studying for a Ph.D. at Berkeley, is panic-stricken. She rushes home to break up the engagement, intends to regain possession of her less brilliant but saner sister's soul, and go off with her, far away, to live happily ever after. When other methods fail, Cass attempts suicide. But Judith and her young man, already secretly married, save her life and their own happiness. Cassandra returns to her highly refined academic loneliness. The book ends with a heavy-footed symbolism—Cass tosses one of her socks off the Golden Gate Bridge, realizing, presumably, that individuality must in the end triumph over twinning.

The book flirts fashionably with incest and inversion (Cass has a curiously susceptible lady psychiatrist); the style is full of mannerisms and cultural snobberies, e.g., people are not openmouthed but *bouche-bée*. And how is the reader to care about a heroine who says, "Just give me the *coup de grâce* and then have the grace to leave gracefully?"

⁸ As witness such recent novels as: *Captain Newman, M.D.*, by Leo Rosten, *Faces in the Water*, by Janet Frame, and *Lilith*, by J. R. Salamaña.

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CINEMA

A Midsummer Night's Dream. The best puppet picture ever made: a feature-length version of Shakespeare's play put together by Czechoslovakian's Jiri Trnka, the Walt Disney of the Communist bloc.

A View from the Bridge. Adapted from Arthur Miller's play, the film postures ineffectually as Greek tragedy in cold-water Flatbush, but as a modern drama of moral incest, it has considerable merit, thanks largely to Raf Vallone's muscular performance as the troubled stevedore.

One, Two, Three. Director Billy Wilder employs contemporary Berlin as location for a Coca-Colonial comedy of bad manners that relentlessly maintains the pace that refreshes.

Tender Is the Night. Director Henry King and Scenarist Ivan Moffat have made a slickly commercial, bleakly melancholy movie out of F. Scott Fitzgerald's story of a man emasculated by a fatal desire to please, Jason Robards Jr. plays the failed hero with All-American charm.

Murder, She Says. Margaret Rutherford, the British comedienne, comes on strong as a lady gumshoe in this adaptation of an Agatha Christie chiller, 4:30 from *Puddington*.

The Five-Day Lover. France's Philippe de Broca has directed a gay-rim comedy of intersecting triangles in which the participants suddenly discover that the dance of life is also the dance of death.

A Majority of One. Rosalind Russell as a matron from Brooklyn and Alec Guinness as a Japanese millionaire keep straight faces long enough to stuff this soggily pleasant knish with sentiment.

The Innocents. This psychiatric chiller, based on *The Turn of the Screw*, owes as much to Sigmund Freud as it does to Henry James, but the photography is wonderfully spooky and the heroine (Deborah Kerr) exquisitely kooky.

Throne of Blood. A grand, barbaric Japanization of *Macbeth*.

La Belle Américaine. A running gag about U.S. automobiles that sometimes stalls but usually crowds the speed limit written, directed and acted by Robert (*La Plume de Ma Tante*) Dhéry, a French comedian who is rapidly emerging as a sort of tatty Tati.

TELEVISION

Wed., Feb. 14

Howard K. Smith—News and Comment (ABC, 7:30-8 p.m.).^{*} Analysis of the week's top news stories.

A Tour of the White House with Mrs. John F. Kennedy (CBS, NBC, 10-11 p.m.). A network pool program. The President pops in for a moment.

Thurs., Feb. 15

Special for Women (NBC, 3-4 p.m.). Today's program concerns itself with the inner conflicts of "The Indiscriminate Woman," who knows too many men too well.

Fri., Feb. 16

The Bell Telephone Hour (NBC, 9:30-10:30 p.m.). Guests include George London, Isaac Stern, Mahalia Jackson.

^{*} All times E.S.T.

Eyewitness to History (CBS, 10:30-11 p.m.). The week's top news event.

Sat., Feb. 17

Accent (CBS, 1:30-2 p.m.). The program begins a new feature: dramatizations of history, aimed at U.S. youth. The first tells of Ethan Allen and the Green Mountain boys.

Saturday Night at the Movies (NBC, 9-11 p.m.). Cary Grant, Marilyn Monroe, Ginger Rogers in *Monkey Business* (20th Century-Fox, 1952).

Sun., Feb. 18

Sunday Sports Spectacular (CBS, 2:30-4 p.m.). "Air Show"—civilian and military aerobatics.

Directions '62 (ABC, 3-3:30 p.m.). Third in a series on the origins of church music.

Issues and Answers (ABC, 4-4:30 p.m.). House Speaker John McCormack.

To Breathe Free (NBC, 4-4:30 p.m.). A documentary on the ministry of American Baptist missionaries and Chinese Baptists in Hong Kong.

Update (NBC, 5:30-6 p.m.). Robert Abernethy's news program for teen-agers.

The Twentieth Century (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.). The life and works of Architect Frank Lloyd Wright.

The Jack Benny Program (CBS, 9:30-10 p.m.). Benny impersonates Jack Paar, interviewing the real Rock Hudson, aided by the real Hugh Downs.

Mon., Feb. 19

Expedition (ABC, 7-7:30 p.m.). Seeking out ancient customs and rituals, the program visits the South Pacific island of Pentecost, where young men climb a 90-ft. tower and dive to the solid ground.

THEATER

The Night of the Iguana. by Tennessee Williams. In a play of nocturnal mood and meaning, Williams assembles a defrocked minister, a Nantucket spinster, a sensual spiffire and a monogamous poet on a Mexican hotel veranda, where their defeated dreams converge in an elegiac pattern of destiny.

Ross. by Terence Rattigan, speculates tantalizingly on the nature of T. E. Lawrence. Actor John Mills performs with a purity of anguish that irradiates the hero without resolving his mystery.

A Man for All Seasons. by Robert Bolt. It is a prismatic play that throws its varicolored light on the theme of public duty v. private conscience. As Sir Thomas More, British Actor Paul Scofield gives a performance that is an incantation.

Gideon. by Paddy Chayefsky, explores the relationship of God and man in a compelling, if not exalted, drama. Fredric March and Douglas Campbell brilliantly light up Chayefsky's firmament.

How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying is as enjoyable as its title is long. Rising from window washer to chairman of the board, Robert Morse is a comic marvel of apple-cheeked guile and flaming self-adoration.

The Caretaker. by Harold Pinter. In a junk-filled London room, two odd brothers and a tramp illuminate the perennial questions of man's isolation from, his need for, and his quirky rejection of, his fellow man.

Who'll Save the Plowboy? by Frank D. Gilroy, slices close to the center of three lives that war, marriage and illusions have haphazardly drawn together.

Brecht on Brecht is an exciting peek at poems, letters, scenes and songs in the treasure trove of a 20th century master of theater. A splendid company of six perched on stools gives magic to this revue-styled evening.

BOOKS

Best Reading

The Guns of August. by Barbara W. Tuchman. A detailed and dramatic account of the fateful first month of World War I; a set piece every actor in it had rehearsed for years and managed to turn into a shambles nevertheless.

The Quarry. by Friedrich Duerrenmatt. A sick old detective trapped in a sanatorium run by an arch sadist—each of them the other's quarry—provides the author of *The Visit* with a new set of grotesque mouthpieces for his macabre view of life.

Writers on the Left. by Daniel Aaron. A cool look at the long-gone days of the '30s, when the Communists were able to attract or bully some of the best writers in the U.S.

The End of the Battle. by Evelyn Waugh. The crisply written but melancholy-minded third volume of a trilogy about Britain in Waughtime—an obsolete, upper-class way of life and death that began to turn grey for Author Waugh and his hero when the Russians became Britain's allies.

Sylva. by Vercors. A fox turns into a young lady, thereby giving her keeper and Vercors much opportunity for ironical analysis of what little girls are made of.

The Papers of Alexander Hamilton (Vols. I & II), edited by Harold C. Syrett and Jacob E. Cooke. These first installments of a proposed 20-volume work read in parts like an excellent epistolary novel, and show Hamilton to have been a man quite different from the cold autocrat of popular fancy.

But Not in Shame. by John Toland. An able historian shows the U.S. staggering through the first six months of World War II.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. **Franny and Zooey**, Salinger (1, last week)
2. **The Agony and the Ecstasy**, Stone (2)
3. **To Kill a Mockingbird**, Lee (4)
4. **Daughter of Silence**, West (3)
5. **A Prologue to Love**, Caldwell (6)
6. **Chairman of the Board**, Streeter (7)
7. **Little Me**, Dennis (5)
8. **Captain Newman, M.D.**, Rosten
9. **The Ivy Tree**, Stewart (8)
10. **The Carpetbaggers**, Robbins (10)

NONFICTION

1. **My Life in Court**, Nizer (1)
2. **Calories Don't Count**, Taller (2)
3. **The Making of the President 1960**, White (3)
4. **Living Free**, Adamson (4)
5. **The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich**, Shirer (7)
6. **The Coming Fury**, Catton (8)
7. **A Nation of Sheep**, Lederer (5)
8. **The New English Bible** (9)
9. **My Saber Is Bent**, Paar (6)
10. **Citizen Hearst**, Swanberg (10)



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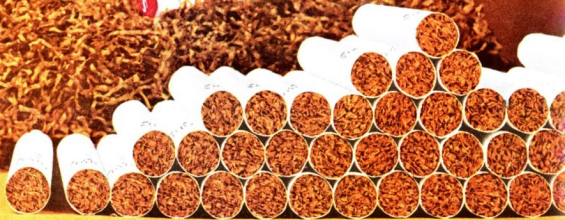


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